

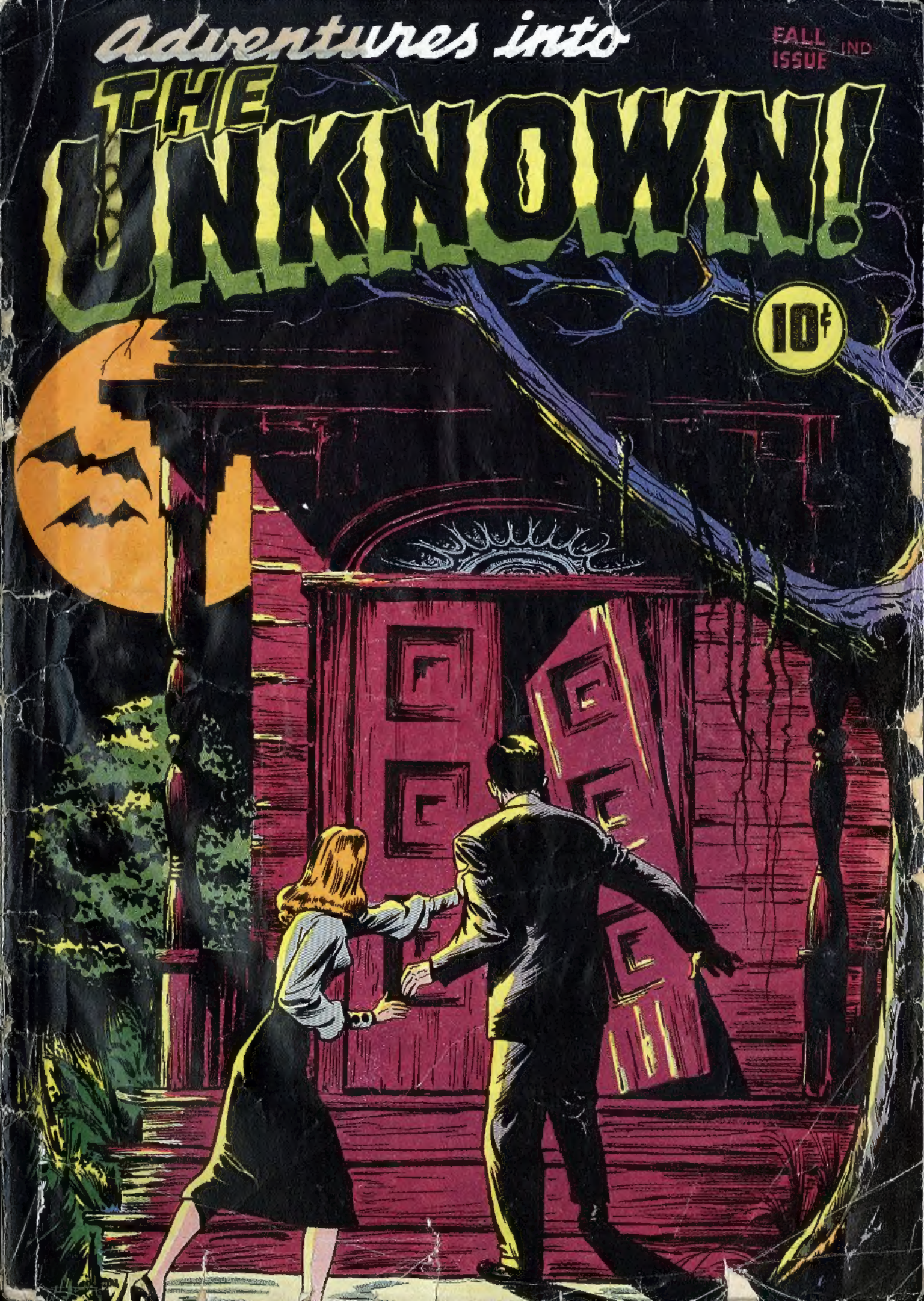
Adventures into

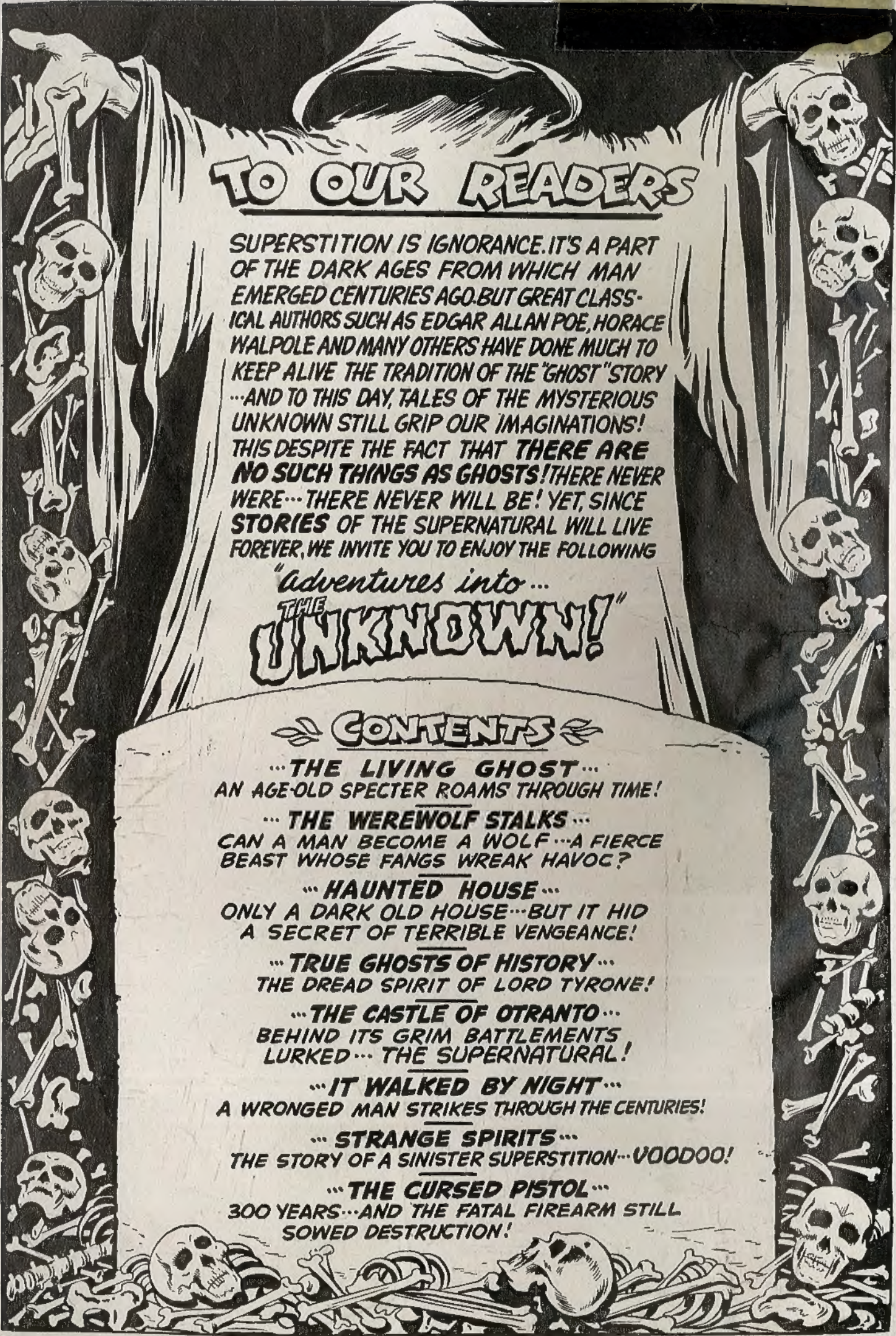
FALL
ISSUE

IND

THE UNKNOWN!

10¢





TO OUR READERS

SUPERSTITION IS IGNORANCE. IT'S A PART OF THE DARK AGES FROM WHICH MAN EMERGED CENTURIES AGO. BUT GREAT CLASSICAL AUTHORS SUCH AS EDGAR ALLAN POE, HORACE WALPOLE AND MANY OTHERS HAVE DONE MUCH TO KEEP ALIVE THE TRADITION OF THE "GHOST" STORY... AND TO THIS DAY, TALES OF THE MYSTERIOUS UNKNOWN STILL GRIP OUR IMAGINATIONS! THIS DESPITE THE FACT THAT THERE ARE **NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS!** THERE NEVER WERE... THERE NEVER WILL BE! YET, SINCE **STORIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL WILL LIVE FOREVER,** WE INVITE YOU TO ENJOY THE FOLLOWING

"Adventures into..." **THE UNKNOWN!**

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... **THE LIVING GHOST** ...
AN AGE-OLD SPECTER ROAMS THROUGH TIME!

... **THE WEREWOLF STALKS** ...
CAN A MAN BECOME A WOLF... A FIERCE BEAST WHOSE FANGS WREAK HAVOC?

... **HAUNTED HOUSE** ...
ONLY A DARK OLD HOUSE... BUT IT HID A SECRET OF TERRIBLE VENGEANCE!

... **TRUE GHOSTS OF HISTORY** ...
THE DREAD SPIRIT OF LORD TYRONE!

... **THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO** ...
BEHIND ITS GRIM BATTLEMENTS LURKED... THE SUPERNATURAL!

... **IT WALKED BY NIGHT** ...
A WRONGED MAN STRIKES THROUGH THE CENTURIES!

... **STRANGE SPIRITS** ...
THE STORY OF A SINISTER SUPERSTITION... VODOO!

... **THE CURSED PISTOL** ...
300 YEARS... AND THE FATAL FIREARM STILL SOWED DESTRUCTION!

The WEREWOLF STALKS

OUT OF THE FROZEN NORTH CAME A DREAD THING THAT WAS NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST! A MONSTER WITHOUT A SOUL, THAT KILLED WITHOUT REMORSE AND GAVE NO QUARTER! YOU'LL THRILL TO THIS FEARFUL STORY OF THE UNDEAD... OF A NAMELESS TERROR THAT WENT LOPING THROUGH THE NIGHT IN THE FULL OF THE MOON... WITH ITS CRIMES BLACK UPON IT!



IN THE FROZEN TIMBERLANDS OF NORTHERN CANADA... A GAUNT GRAY KILLER STANDS AT BAY!

CAREFUL, LADS...
CAREFUL! I'VE GOT
HIM COVERED!



ARRGG!

CRACK!





PIERRE! OH, THE POOR DEVIL! THOSE SHADOWS WRECKED MY AIM!

WE'VE GOT HIM!

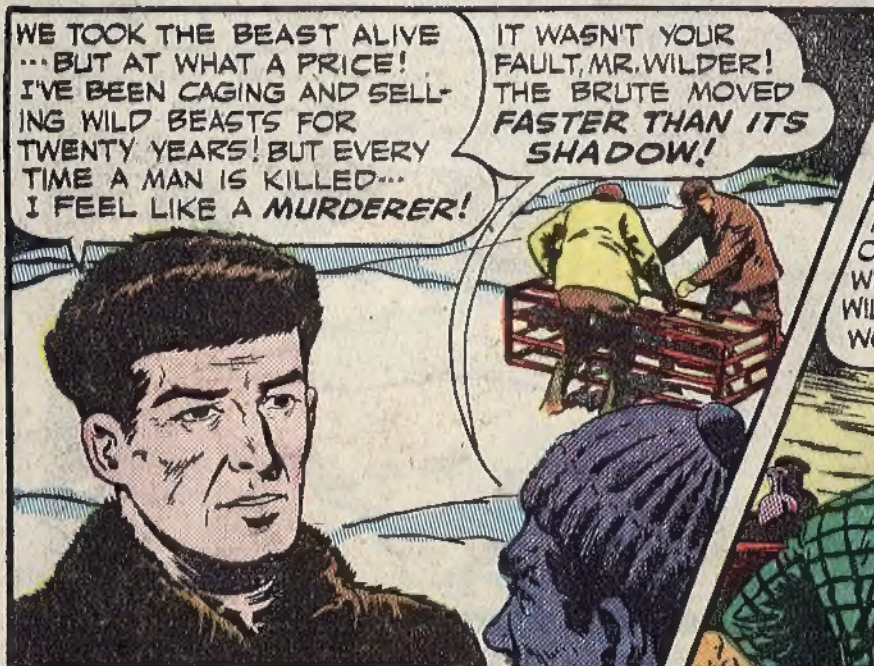
GR-ROWW!



BRING THE CRATE! HURRY!

THEY'RE RIGHT UP AHEAD! THEY MUST HAVE ROPED THE BRUTE!

BIGGEST TIMBER WOLF I EVER SAW! VICIOUS! IF IT LEAPED FOR A MAN'S THROAT...



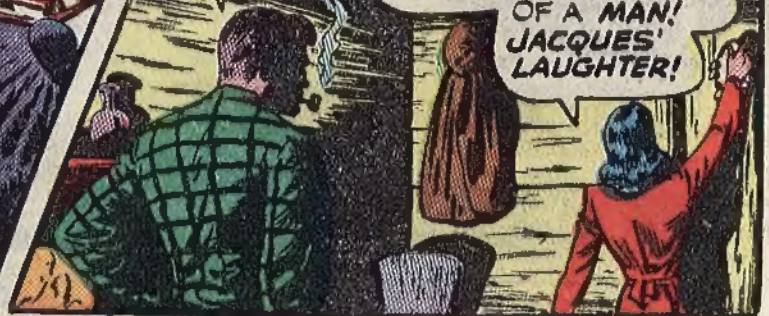
WE TOOK THE BEAST ALIVE... BUT AT WHAT A PRICE! I'VE BEEN CAGING AND SELLING WILD BEASTS FOR TWENTY YEARS! BUT EVERY TIME A MAN IS KILLED... I FEEL LIKE A MURDERER!

IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT, MR. WILDER! THE BRUTE MOVED FASTER THAN ITS SHADOW!

AT THAT MOMENT... IN A NEARBY CABIN...

A WREATH OF GARLIC! WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO, WOMAN?

WEREWOLVES FEAR GARLIC! WHAT WAS IT WE HEARD HOWLING LAST NIGHT? IT BEGAN AS A WOLF'S CRY... BUT IT TURNED INTO THE CRUEL LAUGHTER OF A MAN! JACQUES' LAUGHTER!



IN THE BLEAK NORTH COUNTRY, ANCIENT BELIEFS DIE SLOWLY! FROM OLD FRANCE THE SETTLERS BROUGHT WITH THEM... A MORTAL FEAR OF THE UNDEAD!

I TELL YOU... IT WAS JACQUES! JACQUES THE LOGGER! HE WAS BITTEN BY A WOLF... THEN DISAPPEARED! IF IT WAS A WEREWOLF THAT BIT HIM, HE'S BECOME A WEREWOLF HIMSELF! HE WAS CRUEL, BRUTAL EVEN AS A MAN! IF HE ROAMS THE TIMBER AS A WOLF...



LATER THAT NIGHT... AT JOHN WILDER'S CAMP...

HE'S A MAGNIFICENT BEAST, BARBARA! ZOOS ARE PLENTY GREEDY FOR TIMBER WOLVES... WE'LL GET A GOOD PRICE FOR HIM IN THE STATES! BUT I CAN'T FORGET THAT WE CAPTURED HIM... AT THE COST OF A HUMAN LIFE!

I... I'M TERRIBLY TIRED, DEAR! LET'S CALL IT A NIGHT!



ALONE...A GHASTLY
TRANSFORMATION!

GRRR-
GGG!

ARGH! I'M...CHANGING BACK! NO
LONGER A WOLF...I'M JACQUES!
...CAGE ME LIKE A BEAST, WOULD
THEY? I'LL CLAW THEIR
THROATS OUT!



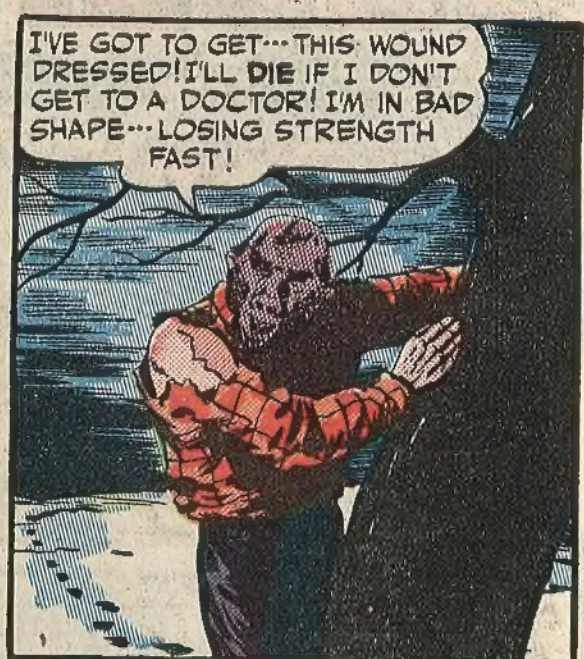
CLANG!

H-HELP!
HELP!
LET ME
GO...
OHH!

BARBARA!
SHE'S
GONE...

HELP!
JOHN!

THE WIFE OF THE MAN WHO
CAGED ME! WHEN SHE BEARS
THE CLAWMARKS OF THE UNDEAD
...SHE WILL RUN LIKE A BEAST
THROUGH THE TIMBER! HER
HANDS WILL BECOME CLAWS,
HER FACE...

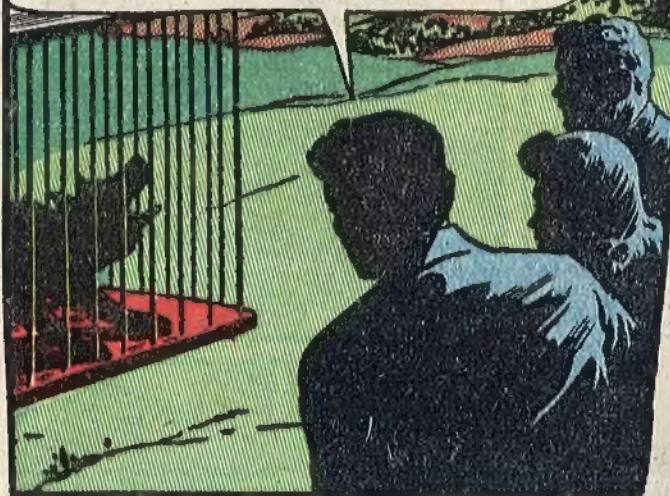


I- I'M TURNING BACK INTO A WOLF! NO CONTROL OVER IT! HOW CAN I GET A DOCTOR TO HELP ME IF I'M A BEAST WITHOUT A VOICE? I'D BE KILLED ON SIGHT!



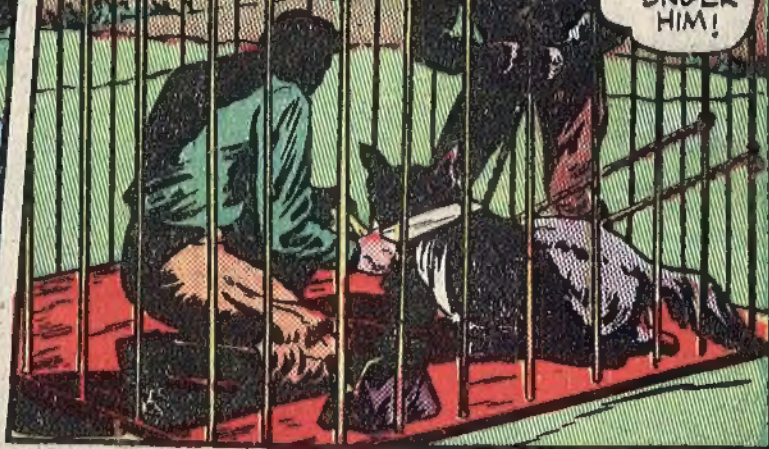
THE CAMP IS AROUSED BY AN AGONIZED HOWLING!

WOUNDED! GREAT SCOTT... I REMEMBER NOW! MY GUN WENT OFF TWICE WHEN I STRUGGLED WITH THAT LUMBERJACK! A STRAY BULLET MUST HAVE LODGED IN THE BEAST!



THERE! I'VE GOT THE BULLET OUT AND STERILIZED THE WOUND! THOSE DRESSINGS WILL HAVE TO BE CHANGED ONCE A DAY, BUT I GUESS I CAN HANDLE IT!

IN A WEEK YOU'LL BE AT SEA, SIR! IT WILL BE TOUGH ON YOU... IF HE TURNS UGLY WITH A ROLLING DECK UNDER HIM!



TEN DAYS LATER... AS THE SHIP NEARS THE GOLDEN GATE...

THE BEAST'S WOUND MUST BE NEARLY HEALED! I BELIEVE I'VE MADE FRIENDS WITH IT! IT NEVER SNARLS AT ME! I'M GOING TO SEE IF... W-WHAT'S THAT?

**GRRR-
GGGG!**



WHA... AHHH! IT'S NOT A WOLF! IT'S NOT A... WOLF! A HUMAN FACE AND... OHH!



**JOHN!
JOHN!
H-HELP!**

OH-HH!



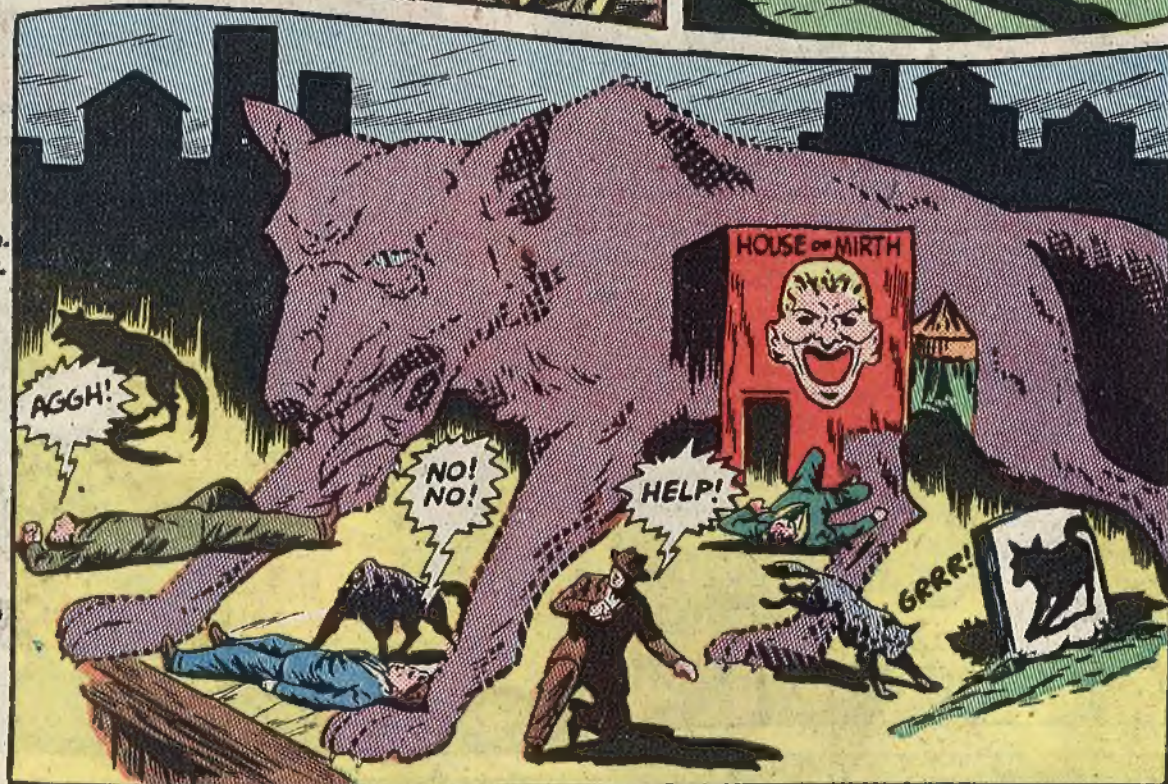
THE SHIP'S DOCKING! YOU'D BETTER GET HER INTO A TAXI! SHE WAS SHAKEN UP A BIT... BUT SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW! NERVES, MOSTLY! SHE SAW A SHADOW... AND IN HER NERVOUS STATE, WELL... YOU KNOW HOW WOMEN ARE!

I THINK I DO, DOCTOR!





ON THE SLEEPING CITY... A GHASTLY TERROR FALLS! A TERROR OF RENDING CLAWS SLASHING OUT OF THE DARKNESS... OF RUNNING FEET... OF SCREAMS THAT START AND END ABRUPTLY... AS THOUGH CHOKED OFF! AND OVER ALL, THE SHADOW OF SOMETHING MONSTROUS... AND AS MERCILESS AS THE ARCTIC NIGHT!

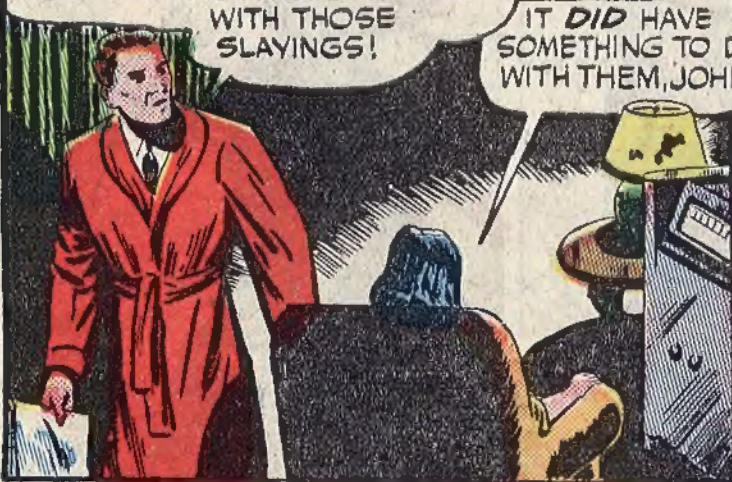


LATER THAT NIGHT...IN JOHN WILDER'S HOME...

I'M GOING UPSTAIRS TO BED! I'M SORRY THE WOLF ESCAPED, BUT MY RESPONSIBILITY ENDED WHEN I SOLD IT TO THE ZOO! IF YOU WANT TO SIT HERE LISTENING TO THAT RADIO BLARE... GO AHEAD! YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THE WOLF HAD **NOTHING TO DO**

WITH THOSE SLAYINGS!

IT **DID** HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THEM, JOHN!



I TELL YOU... **I'M FRIGHTENED!** IT **WASN'T** A SHADOW I SAW ON THE SHIP! WHY WON'T YOU **BELIEVE** ME? THE **WEREWOLF** LEGEND IS AS OLD AS MANKIND! THERE **MUST** BE **SOME** TRUTH IN IT!



TERROR-FRAUGHT MOMENTS LATER...

THE WOLF HAS **BEEN WOUNDED!** THE DETAILS ARE JUST COMING IN! APPARENTLY IT GOT AWAY, BUT...

W-WOUNDED! WHEN IT WAS WOUNDED **BEFORE**, JOHN DRESSED THE WOUND! WHAT IF IT SHOULD COME **HERE?** IF IT'S **REALLY** A WEREWOLF...IT **WILL KNOW** THE WAY!



SCRATCH! SCRATCH!

THERE'S SOMETHING AT THE WINDOW! **SOME-THING** OUT THERE! **SOME-THING** THAT'S ... **OH!**

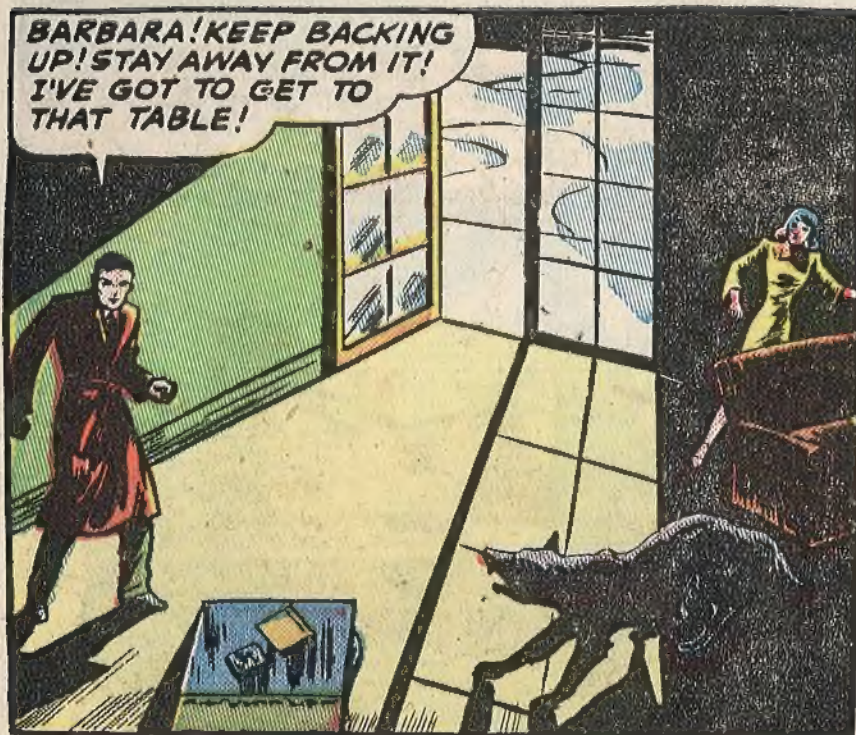


JOHN! JOHN! HELP ME!



CAN'T HOLD OFF... MUCH LONGER! **U-JOHN...**





BARBARA! KEEP BACKING UP! STAY AWAY FROM IT! I'VE GOT TO GET TO THAT TABLE!



I'VE GOT IT! A SILVER PAPER KNIFE! BACK, BARBARA... HERE HE COMES!

GRRRRR!



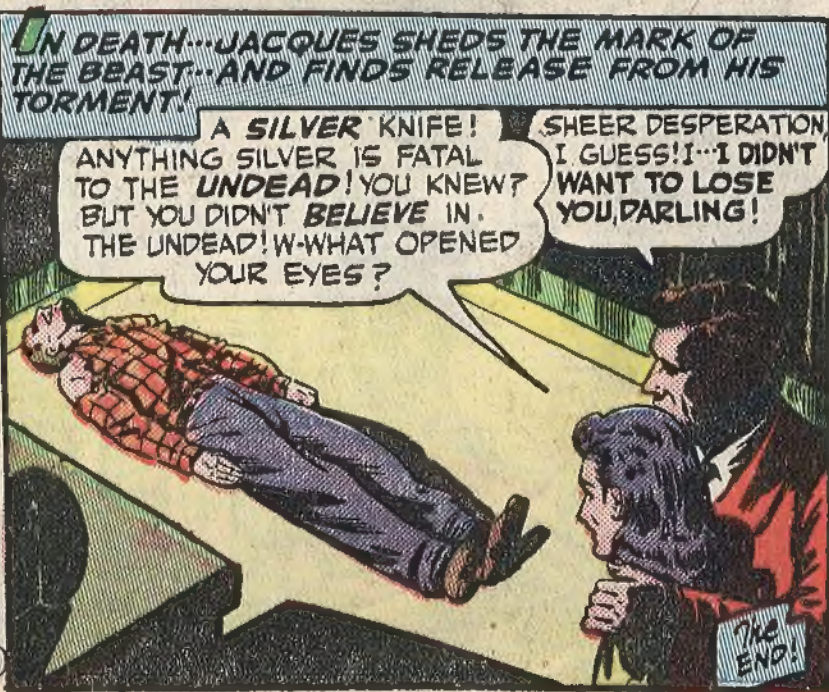
I'M DONE FOR... IF HE GETS MY THROAT! GOT TO... GET HIM FIRST! UGH!



MERCIFUL HEAVENS! LOOK!



GRRRARGGG!

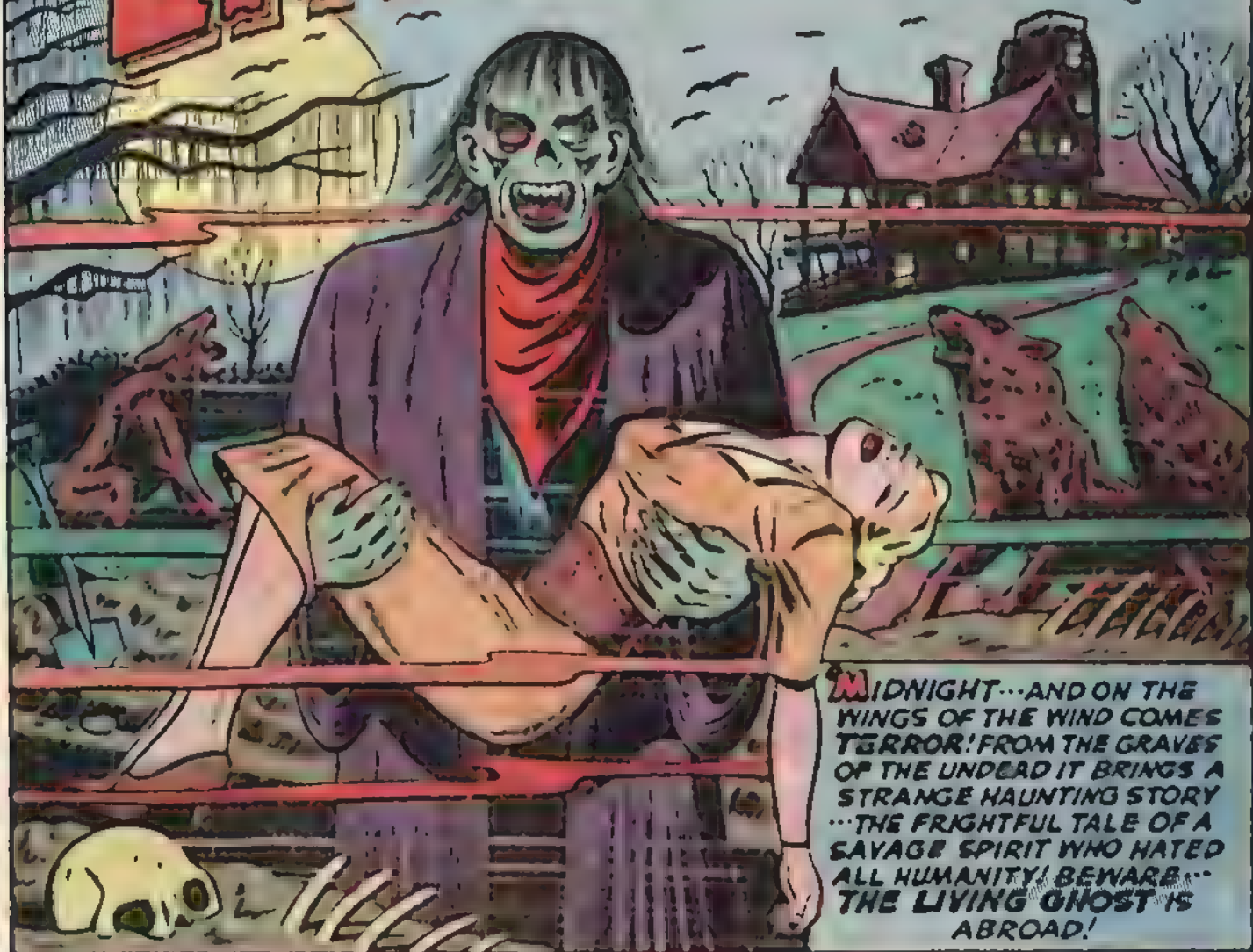


IN DEATH... JACQUES SHEDS THE MARK OF THE BEAST... AND FINDS RELEASE FROM HIS TORMENT!

A SILVER KNIFE! ANYTHING SILVER IS FATAL TO THE UNDEAD! YOU KNEW? BUT YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE IN THE UNDEAD! W-WHAT OPENED YOUR EYES?

SHEER DESPERATION I GUESS! I... I DIDN'T WANT TO LOSE YOU, DARLING!

The LIVING GHOST



MIDNIGHT...AND ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND COMES TERROR! FROM THE GRAVES OF THE UNDEAD IT BRINGS A STRANGE HAUNTING STORY...THE FRIGHTFUL TALE OF A SAVAGE SPIRIT WHO HATED ALL HUMANITY! BEWARE... THE LIVING GHOST IS ABROAD!



A SWITCHING TOWER...

NOW WHO COULD THAT BE, THIS TIME O' NIGHT?

**KNOCK!
KNOCK!**



**H-HOLY SMOKE!
WHAT...**

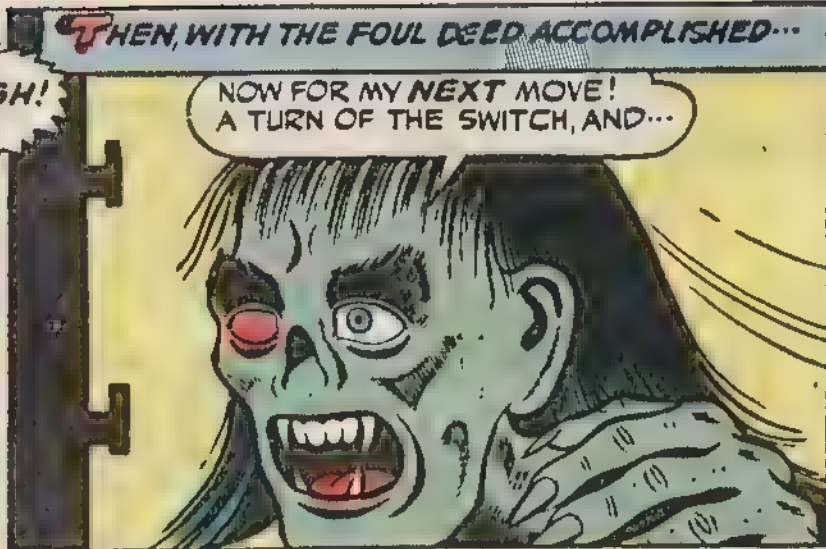


**HELP!
HELP!**



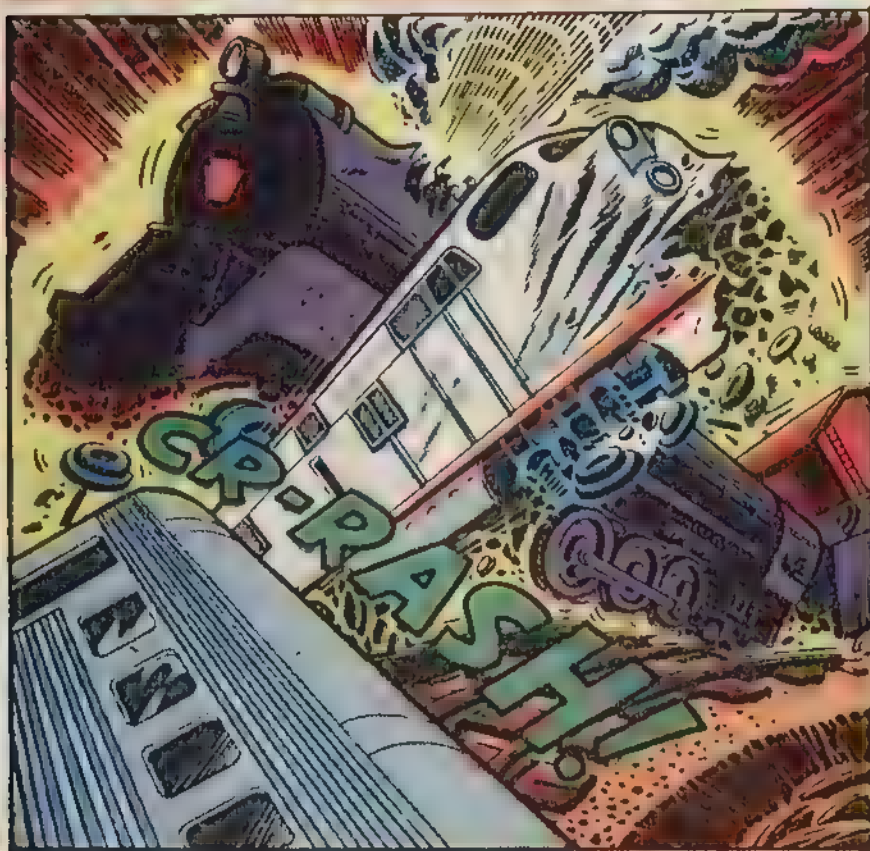
HA-HA!

ARRGH!



THEN, WITH THE FOUL DEED ACCOMPLISHED...

NOW FOR MY NEXT MOVE!
A TURN OF THE SWITCH, AND...



HA-HA-
HA!

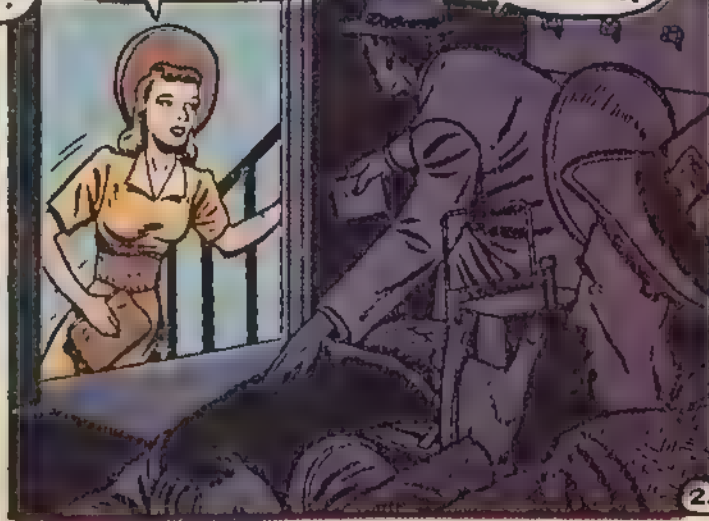
SHORTLY AFTERWARD...THE DAILY BUGLE...

TRAIN WRECK NEAR OAK STATION...
AND A SWITCHMAN'S BEEN KILLED!
GET DOWN THERE ON THE DOUBLE,
GAIL...AND SEE WHAT GIVES!

HOLD PAGE
ONE, CHIEF...
I'LL BE BACK
IN A FLASH!

WELL...TOMY BRAND, THE
D.A.'S SPECIAL INVESTI-
GATOR! HMMM... I
SMELL GUNPOWDER!
A SHOOTING, EH?

GAIL LESLIE, THE
SCOOPLESS WONDER!
YOU'RE MY FAVORITE
GIRL, BUT YOU'RE STILL
A ROTTEN DETECTIVE!
...LOOK!



DOES THIS LOOK LIKE SHOOTING? HE'S BEEN **STRANGL**ED...BY SOME-ONE OF SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH!

OH-HHH!



THAT FACE! I'LL REMEMBER IT IN MY DREAMS!

BETTER TAKE OFF GAIL... THIS JUST ISN'T A WOMAN'S BUSINESS! BUT DON'T WORRY... I'LL LAND THAT KILLER! JUST WATCH MY SMOKE!

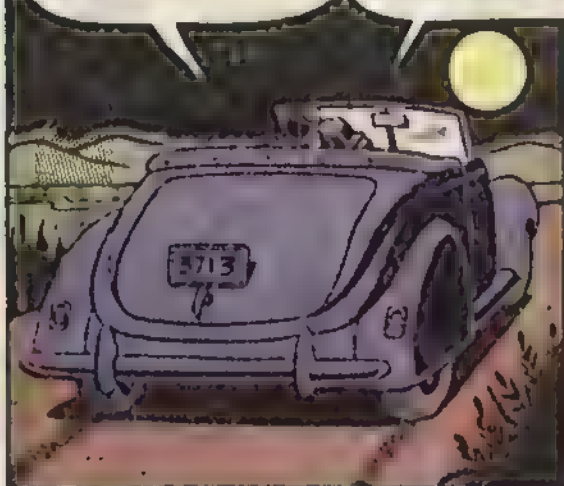


YOU ONLY THINK YOU'LL LAND HIM TONY! DIDNT RECKON WITH HIM STRIKING AGAIN DID YOU?

SCENE:
A LOCAL LOVER'S LANE...

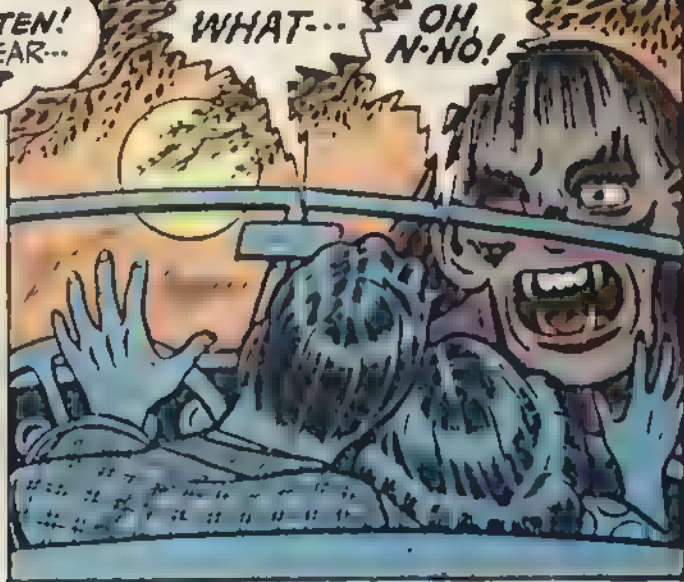
GOLLY, JEAN... YOU'RE THE CUTEST GIRL I EVER KNEW! I...

WAIT, NED! LISTEN! DIDN'T YOU HEAR... FOOTSTEPS?



WHAT...

OH N-NO!



HA-HA!

HELP! HELP!

STOP!

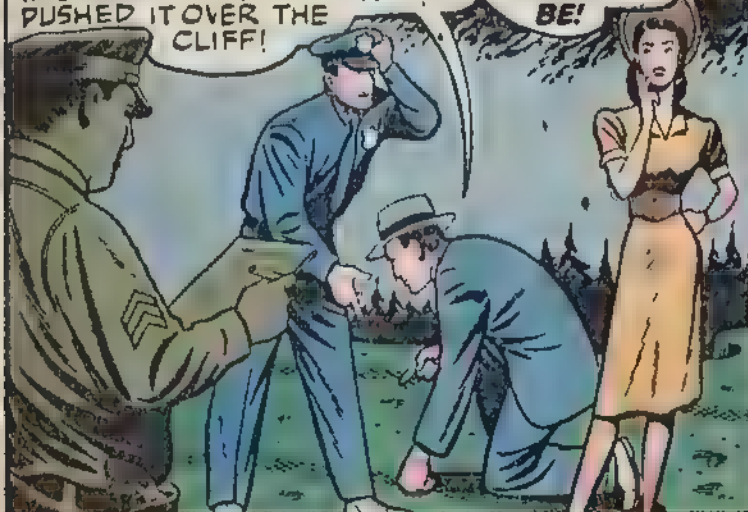


WHAM!



AS THE LAW INVESTIGATES...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT... THESE TRACKS SHOW THAT THE CAR WASN'T EVEN IN MOTION! THEY LOOK AS IF SOME GIANT HAND ACTUALLY PUSHED IT OVER THE CLIFF!



AND I SMELL GUNPOWDER AGAIN! GUNPOWDER... WHERE IT SHOULDN'T BE!

OH STOP IT, GAIL... YOU'RE TALKING NONSENSE AGAIN!

MAYBE, TONY! HMMM... MORE GUNPOWDER... AND ANOTHER CRIME WHICH DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! IT ALMOST LOOKS LIKE EVIL FOR THE SAKE OF EVIL ALONE!



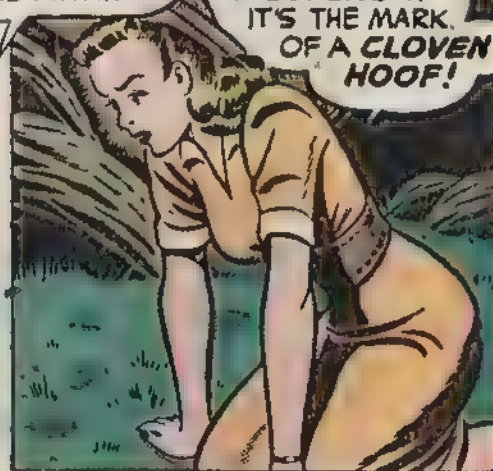
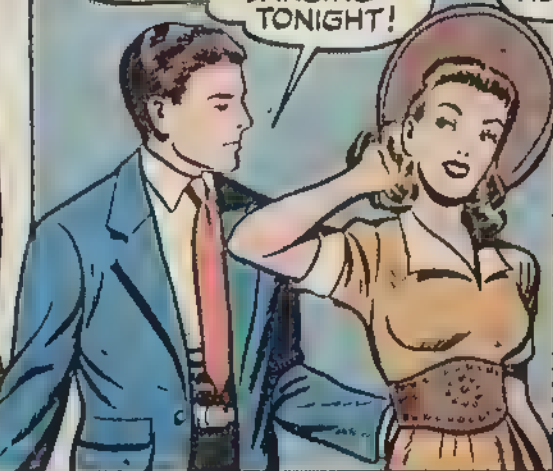
OH, GOSH... IT COULDN'T BE... IT SOUNDS CRAZY... BUT MAYBE THAT SMELL ISN'T GUNPOWDER! MAYBE... MAYBE IT'S BRIMSTONE!

YOU ARE CRAZY! NEXT THING YOU'LL BE TRYING TO TELL ME IS THAT THE DEVIL HIMSELF COMMITTED BOTH THESE CRIMES! LOOK, I'M FINISHED HERE... BUT LET'S GO DANCING TONIGHT!

OKAY, TONY... PICK ME UP AT MY APARTMENT! GO ON AHEAD... I WANT TO LOOK AROUND HERE AWHILE!

ALONE, GAIL MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY!

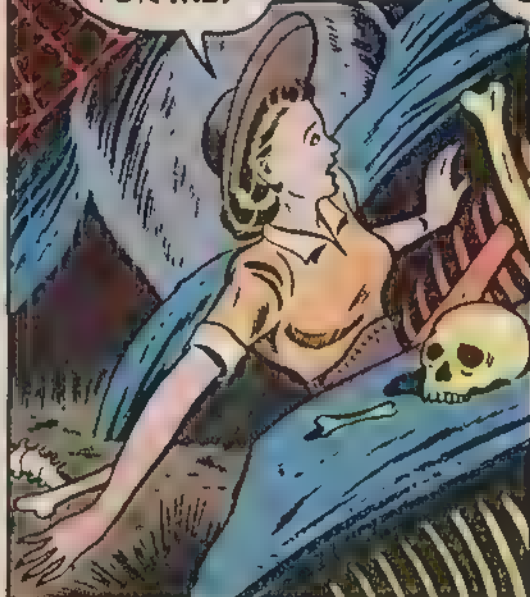
J-JEEPERS AND CREEPERS! IT... IT'S THE MARK OF A CLOVEN HOOF!



CLOVEN HOOVES... THE SMELL OF BRIMSTONE... **WHAT IS THIS, READER?** GAIL ISN'T SURE, BUT SHE'S PLENTY SCARED! AND WHEN A TRAIL OF HOOFPRIITS LEADS TO A HIDDEN CAVE... **STAND BY FOR DANGER!**

B-BONES! I WANT OUT... THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ME!

THOSE HOOFMARKS... IT MUST BE JUST SOME ANIMAL... IT'S G-GOT TO BE THAT! B-BUT I'M GOING HOME... **WHILE THE GOING'S GOOD!**



Later...AT HOME...

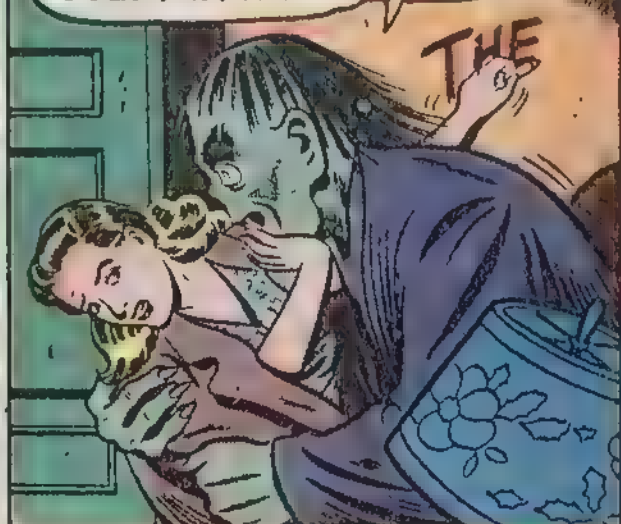
CREAK!

THAT YOU, TONY? JUST
WAIT OUT THERE...BE
RIGHT WITH YOU!



SO PRETTY ONE...YOU FEAR *THE LIVING GHOST*, EH?
NO NEED...I COULD HAVE KILLED YOU EASILY,
BACK IN MY CAVE! BUT YOU WERE TOO BEAUTIFUL,
SO I MERELY FOLLOWED YOU HERE! IT TOOK ME
A WHILE TO MAKE UP MY MIND...

...BUT I'VE DECIDED THAT YOU'RE
MINE...SO I CAME TO TAKE YOU!
YOU'LL NEED THIS COAT...I TRAVEL
TO MANY PLACES THAT ARE
COLD! HA-HA!



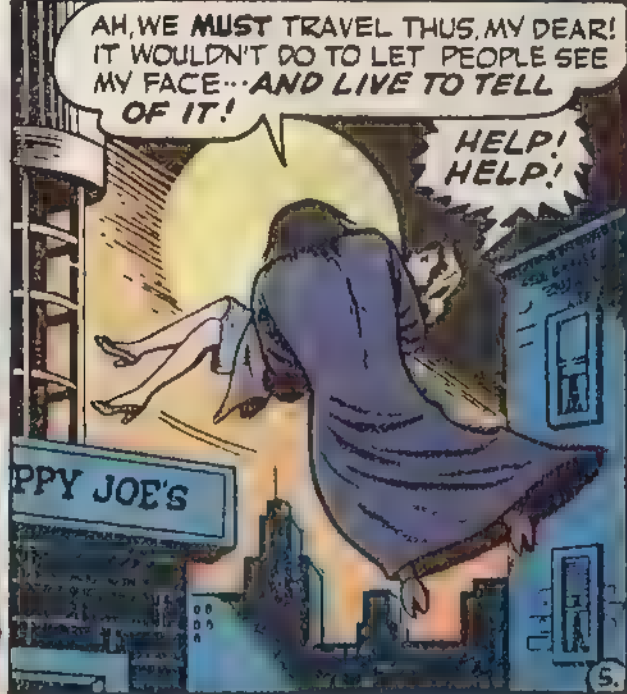
WHAT...WHAT ARE
YOU G-GOING TO
DO?

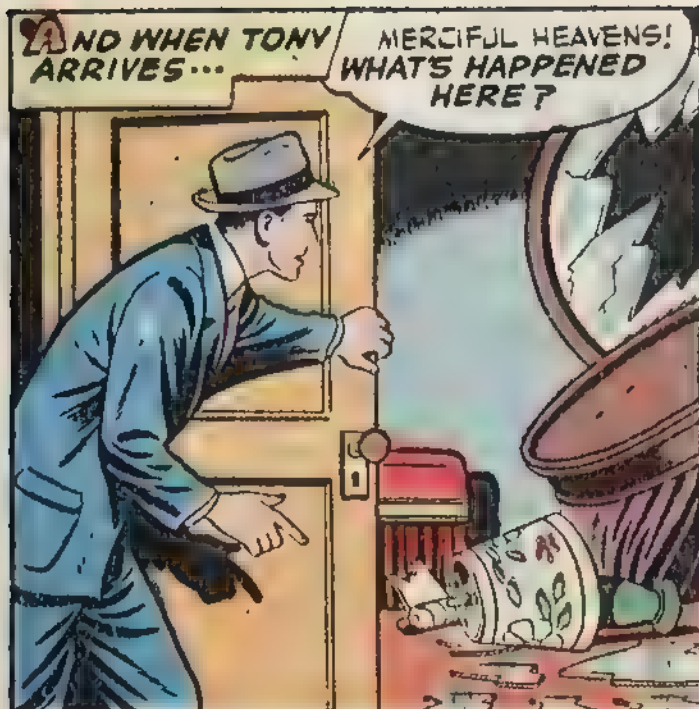
WATCH! YOU'LL FIND MUCH
TO ADMIRE IN ME...I AM NOT
LIKE ORDINARY MORTALS!



AH, WE MUST TRAVEL THUS, MY DEAR!
IT WOULDN'T DO TO LET PEOPLE SEE
MY FACE...AND LIVE TO TELL
OF IT!

HELP!
HELP!





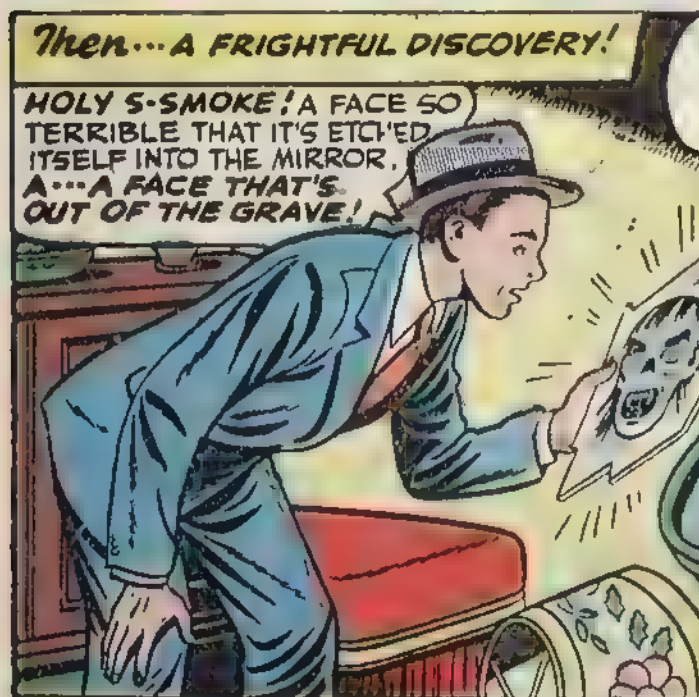
AND WHEN TONY ARRIVES...

MERCIFUL HEAVENS! WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE?



THE LIVING GHOST! AND GAIL GONE! IF THIS IS HER IDEA OF A JOKE...

THE LIVING GHOST



Then...A FRIGHTFUL DISCOVERY!

HOLY S-SMOKE! A FACE SO TERRIBLE THAT IT'S ETCHED ITSELF INTO THE MIRROR, A...A FACE THAT'S OUT OF THE GRAVE!

THEN...THEN SUPERNATURAL FORCES DO EXIST! SOMETHING BEYOND LIFE ITSELF IS AT WORK...AND IT'S GOT GAIL! WHAT...WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

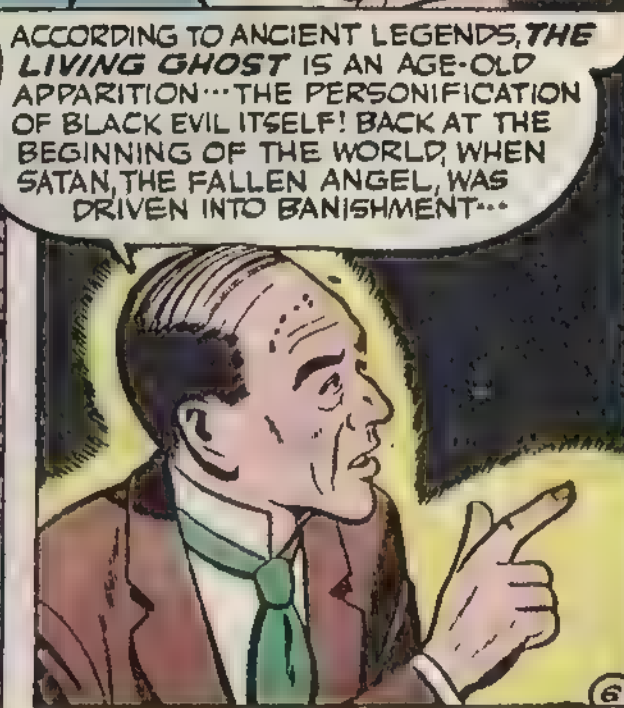


YES, TONY... WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? YOU, A MERE MORTAL... AGAINST A SPECTRAL FORCE OF DEADLY EVIL! WELL...FIRST STEP...AT THE INSTITUTE FOR PSYCHIC RESEARCH...



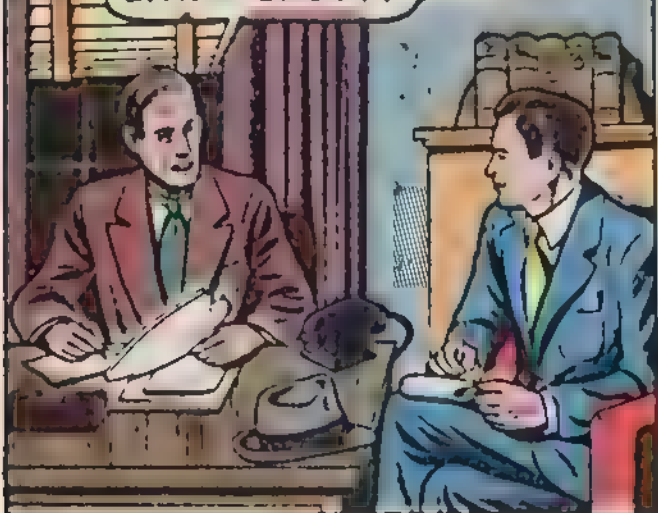
THIS FACE, DR. VANDYKE...HAVE YOU EVER SEEN IT? DO THE WORDS LIVING GHOST MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

GOOD HEAVENS...YES!



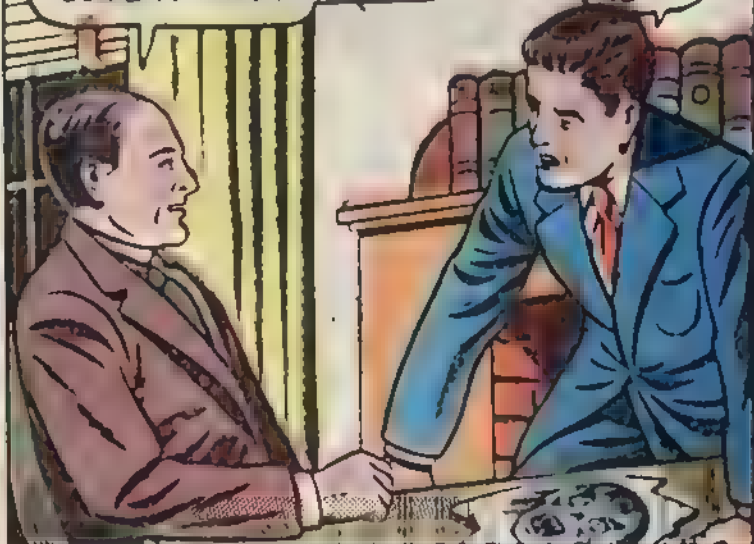
ACCORDING TO ANCIENT LEGENDS, THE LIVING GHOST IS AN AGE-OLD APPARITION...THE PERSONIFICATION OF BLACK EVIL ITSELF! BACK AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD, WHEN SATAN, THE FALLEN ANGEL, WAS DRIVEN INTO BANISHMENT...

...MALEVO, HIS CHIEF LIEUTENANT...BASICALLY EVEN MORE EVIL THAN HIS MASTER...WAS CONDEMNED TO WANDER THE WORLD IN HUMAN SHAPE FOREVER, STRIKING TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF MORTALS! AND MEN KNOW HIM AS... **THE LIVING GHOST!**



IT'S SAID THAT ONCE IN EVERY CENTURY, HE WALKS THE WORLD AGAIN, SOWING EVIL MURDER IN HIS WAKE! AND NOW...IT'S COME TO PASS!

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME FIND HIM, DOCTOR! YOU'VE GOT TO!



BRACE YOURSELF, TONY...THERE'S NOTHING THAT CAN BE DONE! HE'S ONLY PART MAN...THE REST IS GHOST! AND NO HUMAN CAN COMBAT THE SUPER-NATURAL! BUT TAKE THIS ANCIENT CHURCH RELIC...A PETRIFIED OLIVE BRANCH! ACCORDING TO LEGEND, IT HAS THE POWER TO RENDER A GHOST MORTAL! USE IT IF YOU SHOULD EVER CATCH UP WITH HIM!

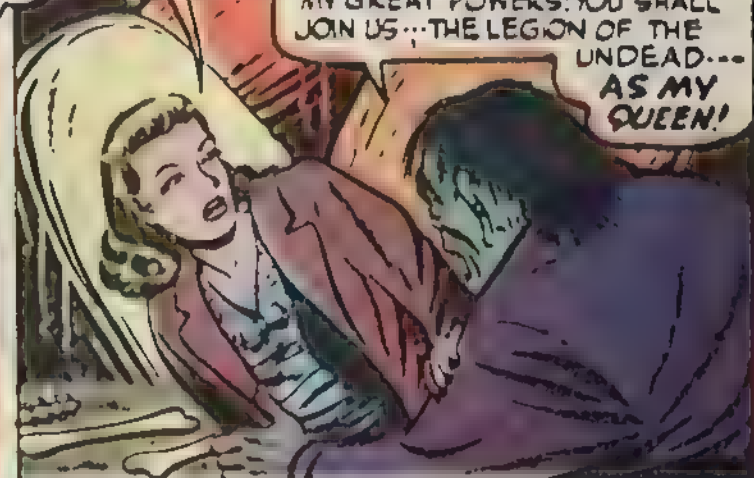


THANKS, DOC...

MEANWHILE...WHAT OF GAIL?

PLEASE...WHY HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME HERE?

BECAUSE NEVER, THROUGH THE CENTURIES HAVE I SEEN BEAUTY LIKE YOURS... NEVER ONE MORE FIT TO SHARE MY GREAT POWERS! YOU SHALL JOIN US...THE LEGION OF THE UNDEAD... **AS MY QUEEN!**



NO...NO! KEEP AWAY, YOU FOUL BEAST!

SO YOU SCORN ME! YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND AND GLADLY...WHEN YOU SEE AN EXAMPLE OF MY POWERS!

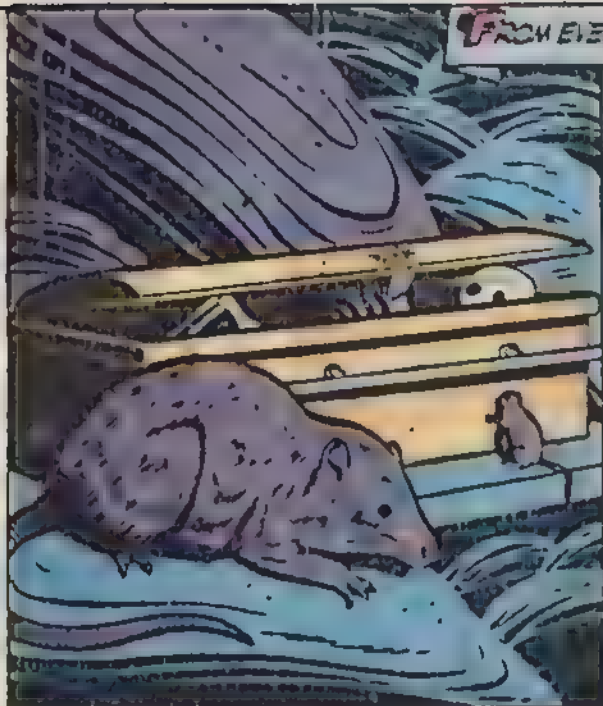


COME, OH DREAD AND EVIL DEAD! TO ME, OH SATAN'S HOST! BRING DOOM AND GLOOM FROM MOLDY TOMB... **APPROACH THE LIVING GHOST!**



CAN A WEIRD INCANTATION PIERCE THE VEIL OF THE UNKNOWN -- BRING THE LONG-DEAD TO THE SERVICE OF A GHOSTLY MASTER?

WATCH!



FROM EVERY QUARTER -- THE HOSTS OF AGE-OLD EVIL!



MEANWHILE, TONY ISN'T GIVING UP! DESPERATELY HUNTING FOR SOME SIGN OF THE LIVING GHOST'S TRAIL, HE SEARCHES THE SCENE OF THE LAST MURDER! AND SUDDENLY HE SEES...



H-HOLY HANNAH! WHAT...

THEY...THEY'RE **SPECTERS**...**INHUMAN!**
AND IF **THEY'RE** HERE, **THE LIVING GHOST**
MUST BE NEARBY! I'LL FOLLOW THEM
...BUT I'VE GOT TO KEEP HIDDEN!



PURSUIT...TO THE CAVE OF
EVIL! PEERING WITHIN...

OH, N-NO! T-TELL
ME I'M DREAM-
ING!



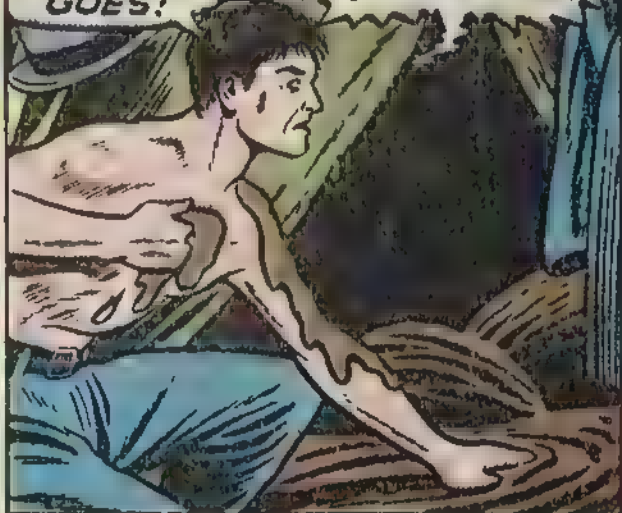
ON, LEGION OF THE CONDEMNED...ON!
NEVER MORE WILL SHE WHO CAN
RULE WITH ME DOUBT MY POWERS!

HELP!
HELP!



THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO AGAINST
THAT UNHOLY MOB...UNLESS I TAKE THIS
LONG CHANCE ON SLIPPING IN UNRECOGNIZED!
A COATING OF MUD
... AND HERE
GOES!

AIYEEEEEE!



THEY'LL THINK I'M ONE OF THEM...I
HOPE! NOW IF I CAN ONLY GET TO
GAIL...MAKE HER UNDERSTAND...

NO! NO!
KEEP
AWAY!

OH-HHH!
PLEASE
DON'T...

SHUT UP, YOU IDIOT! LISTEN...
IT'S ME...TONY! PRETEND TO
PLAY ALONG WITH THE HEAD
GHOUL! TELL HIM YOU'LL DO ANY
THING HE WANTS IF HE'LL GET RID
OF HIS LITTLE PLAY-
MATES!



WITH THE LIGHT OF A WILD HOPE DAWN-
ING IN HER EYES...

PLEASE! I'LL RULE WITH YOU... DO ANY
THING YOU WANT... IF ONLY YOU'LL
GET RID OF THESE AWFUL
CREATURES!

I THOUGHT YOU'D
SEE THINGS MY
WAY FINALLY!
WATCH!

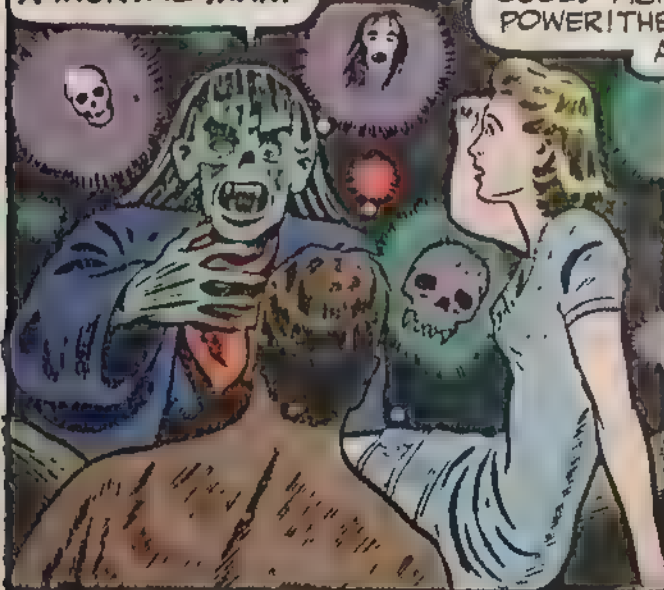
BACK TO SLIME FROM WHENCE
YOU CAME,
BACK TO DEATH, DECAY!
BACK TO FIRE AND TO FLAME...
YOUR MASTER SPEAKS... OBEY!



WHAT! ALL GONE... BUT YOU!
THEN YOU'RE NO SPIRIT... YOU'RE
A MORTAL MAN!

SO I'VE BEEN TRICKED EH? YOU
FOOLS... THINKING THAT YOU
COULD FIGHT A SUPERHUMAN
POWER! THERE'S ONLY ONE
ANSWER... DEATH!

STEADY, GAIL... WE'VE GOT
A SLIM CHANCE YET! THE
TALISMAN DR. VANDYKE
GAVE ME!



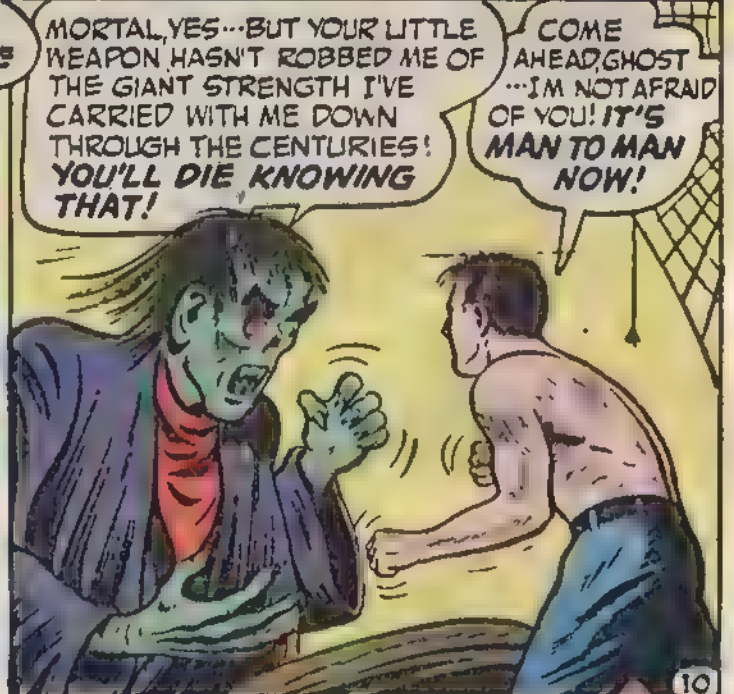
AH-
HHH!

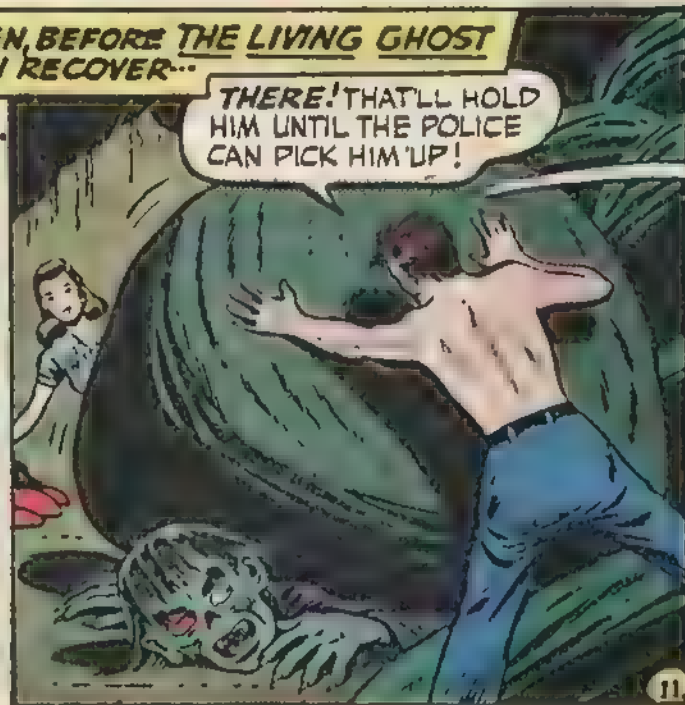
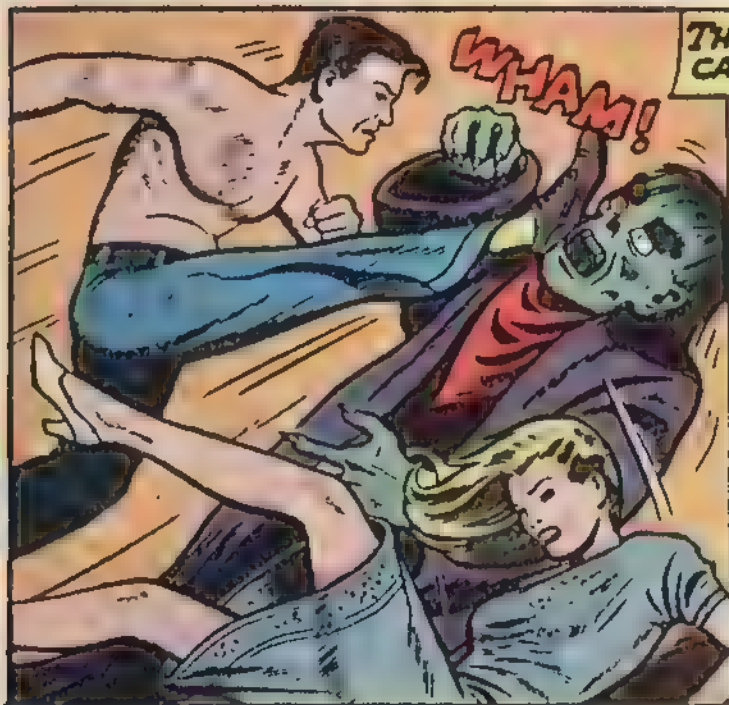
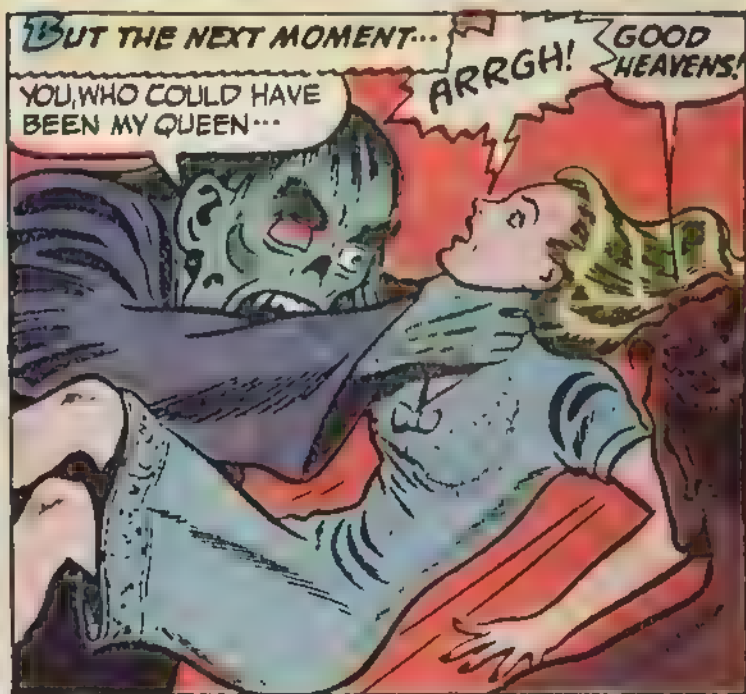
TONY! IT... IT'S
STOPPED HIM!
WHAT..

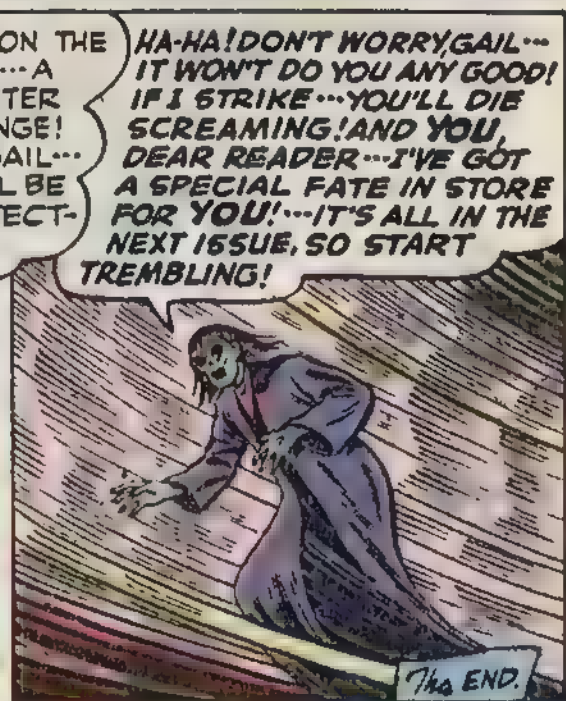
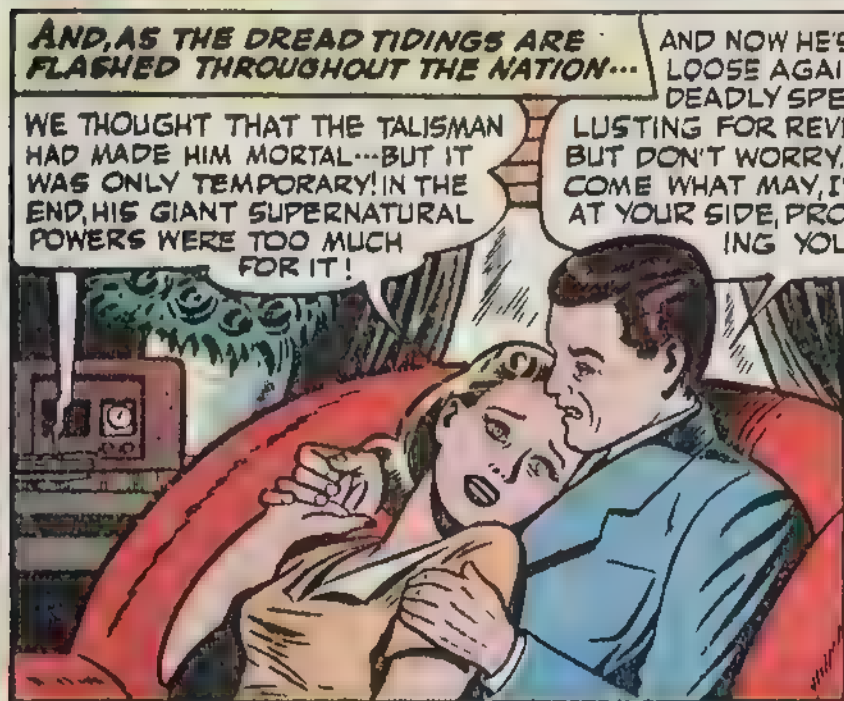
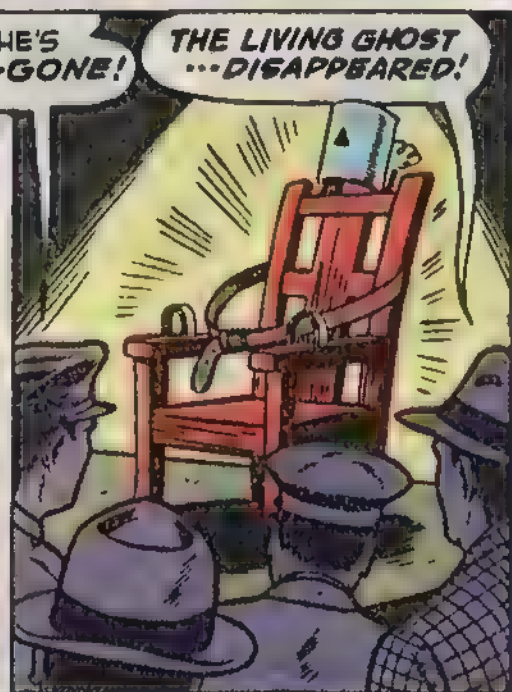
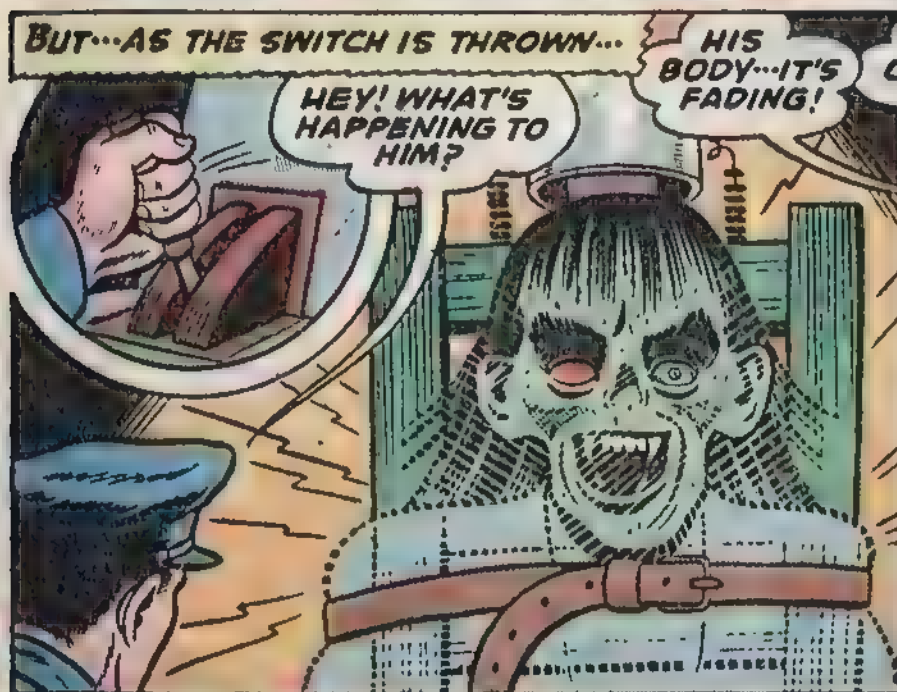
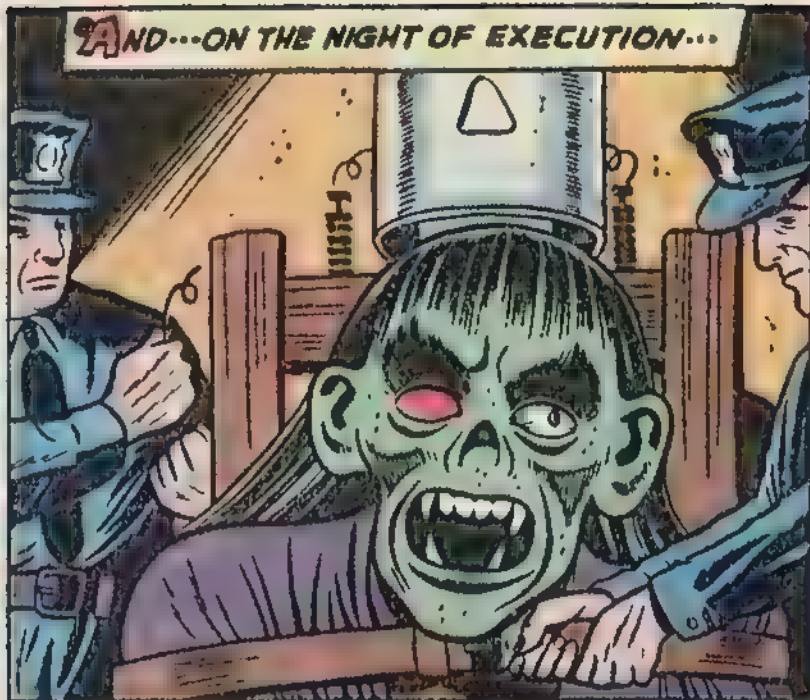
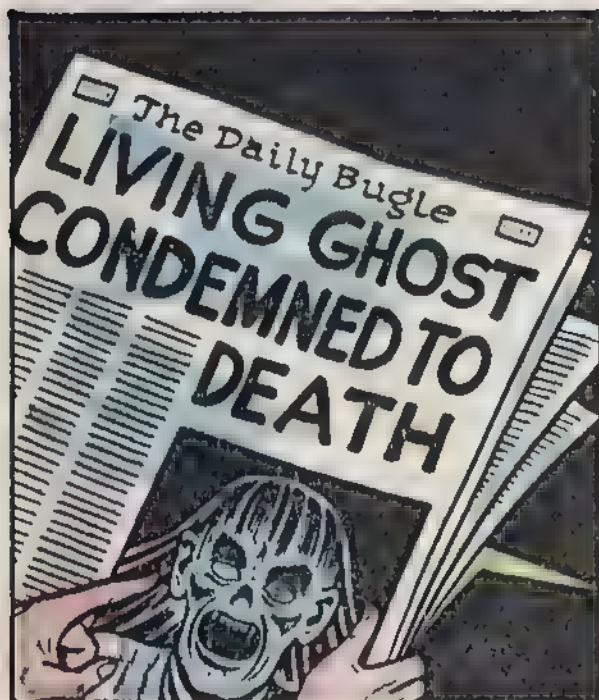
IT'S AN ANCIENT CHURCH
RELIC... AND IT'S MADE
THE LIVING GHOST
MORTAL!

MORTAL, YES... BUT YOUR LITTLE
WEAPON HASN'T ROBBED ME OF
THE GIANT STRENGTH I'VE
CARRIED WITH ME DOWN
THROUGH THE CENTURIES!
YOU'LL DIE KNOWING
THAT!

COME
AHEAD, GHOST
...I'M NOT AFRAID
OF YOU! IT'S
MAN TO MAN
NOW!







THE END.

Strange SPIRITS

HE IS OUR ENEMY!
DIE! DIE! AIEE!

BAROOM

BOOMM!

VOODOO...A STRANGE JUNGLE SUPERSTITION...ACTUALLY HAS BEEN KNOWN TO WORK! IT MIGHT START OUT WITH A WITCH DOCTOR, BEATING OUT A HYMN OF HATE...

IT'S THE
VOODOO
CURSE!
HE IS
DOOMED!

THEN A GIANT IMAGE OF THE ENEMY
IS MADE...AND PIERCED WITH SPEARS!

AARGG!

RISE, OH
CORPSE, AND
DO MY
BIDDING!

YES, VODOO KILLS
...BUT IT IS SAID THAT
IT CAN ALSO RAISE
THE DEAD!

AND OFTEN, WHEN A MAN'S IMAGE
IS PIERCED...HE DIES!

GLAGG!

UP FROM THE DAMPCLOTTED EARTH
COME...ZOMBIES! LIVING DEAD MEN,
WITH THE MOLD OF THE GRAVE UPON
THEM! VODOO SLAVES...READY
TO DESTROY!

AT THE VODOO
MASTER'S COMMAND
...DEATH! THEN...
BACK TO THEIR
GRAVES!

VOODOO IS ONLY ONE OF
MANY TERRIFYING FOLK
BELIEFS IN ALL PARTS OF
THE WORLD! WATCH FOR AN-
OTHER THRILLING "STRANGE
SPIRITS" FEATURE IN OUR
NEXT GREAT ISSUE!

The PAINTED GRAVE

JOHN DRAKE shuddered as he stared at the picture. He had painted a masterpiece—but a masterpiece of horror! Dead white eyes it had, and the fangs of a jungle beast. And now it seemed almost alive as it returned his stare from the lighted canvas. It had been human once, and was portrayed standing next to a yawning grave, from which a spade caked with damp earth projected.

Few men possessed the courage to imagine such a thing, much less depict it on canvas. But John Drake was a strange person. Possessed of an artistic genius which lent life to his creations, he was obsessed with an urge to paint only nameless horrors. And in this picture, he had reached the climax of his career! It lived. One could almost smell the damp earth from the open grave. And as to the awful creature that stood there—what was it? Ghoul? Zombie? Drake himself wasn't sure. He looked again—and a wave of dizziness swept over him. He couldn't break away—the thing's glaring eyes seemed to grip him in a hypnotic spell!

It took determination to turn his eyes away, but he finally did it. *When!* No doubt about it, he had done his work well. He had surpassed himself; had breathed weird life into the creation on the canvas. Now he had to get away from it; away from that sinister, yawning grave. With a weary shrug, he crossed the room to a mirror and stood regarding himself in the shadows. He saw his face, sensitive and careworn—and behind him, the reflection of the awful picture he had painted. But what was making the room so dark? As though someone had pulled down all the blinds, shutting out the moonlight?

Suddenly the mirror showed him some-

thing else. A shadow, weaving about close to the canvas! But how—how could the picture cast a *moving* shadow?

Drake's scalp began to tingle. Now his ears sensed footsteps behind him, crossing the floor with a dull, insistent tread. It *couldn't* be! He could find out easily enough, simply by turning. Why couldn't he turn? What was holding him rooted to the floor in the grip of a nameless terror?

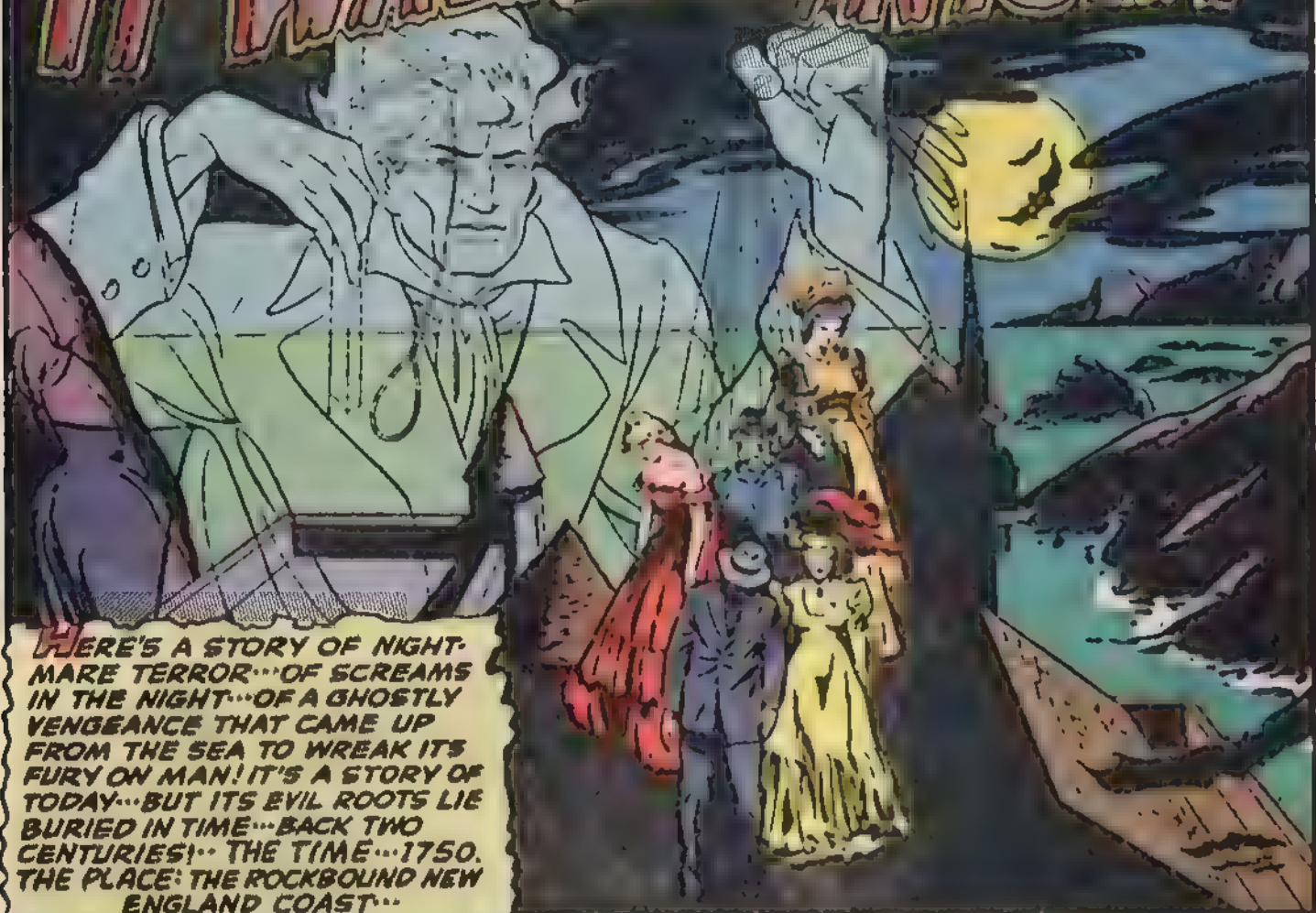
He started to scream even before he saw the face. For the *thing* was standing there, staring at him with glassy eyes, its fangs bared and drooling. Then, with an inhuman screech—it leaped!

Drake fought it with all his strength. Sweat pouring off his face, his neckcords swelling, he struggled frenziedly against claws that raked and tore. But it was too strong for him! Shrieking and struggling, he felt himself being dragged toward the canvas—toward a yawning, painted grave that was *too realistic!*

* * *

The strange mystery of John Drake's disappearance was never solved. It created a sensation for awhile, but was at last forgotten. The police investigated, but finally were forced to admit defeat, closing their files on the great painter. Quite a crowd attended the auctioning off of his canvases, and the highest price was paid for the great masterpiece he had completed just before he dropped from sight, never to be heard of again. It was a graveyard scene, amazingly lifelike in its every detail. There was nothing in the picture—except for a filled grave, with the earth around it trampled as if a struggle had taken place.

IT WALKED by NIGHT



HERE'S A STORY OF NIGHT-MARE TERROR...OF SCREAMS IN THE NIGHT...OF A GHOSTLY VENGEANCE THAT CAME UP FROM THE SEA TO WREAK ITS FURY ON MAN! IT'S A STORY OF TODAY...BUT ITS EVIL ROOTS LIE BURIED IN TIME...BACK TWO CENTURIES!.. THE TIME...1750. THE PLACE: THE ROCKBOUND NEW ENGLAND COAST...

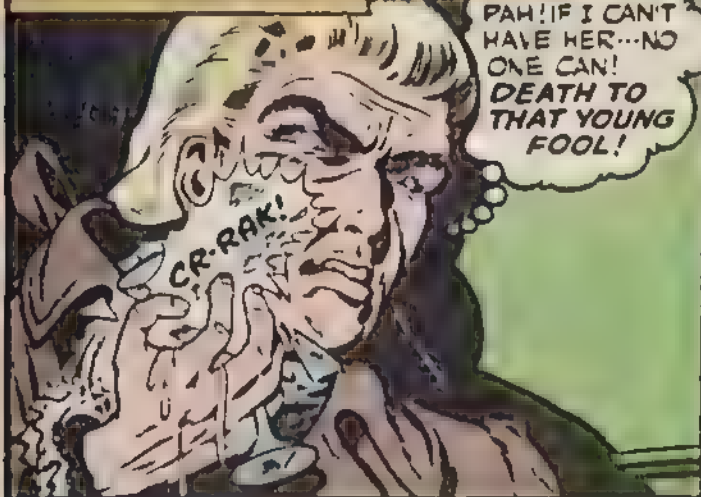
A GAY BETROTHAL PARTY DRAWS TO A CLOSE...

YOU'RE A STRANGE MAN, SQUIRE ARAM! IT'S NO SECRET THAT YOU LOVED THE GIRL...AND LOST! YET HERE YOU ARE...DRINKING TO THE HAPPY PAIR!

AND WHY NOT? BY GAD, I LIKE PHILIP! HE'S THE RIGHT MAN FOR HER!



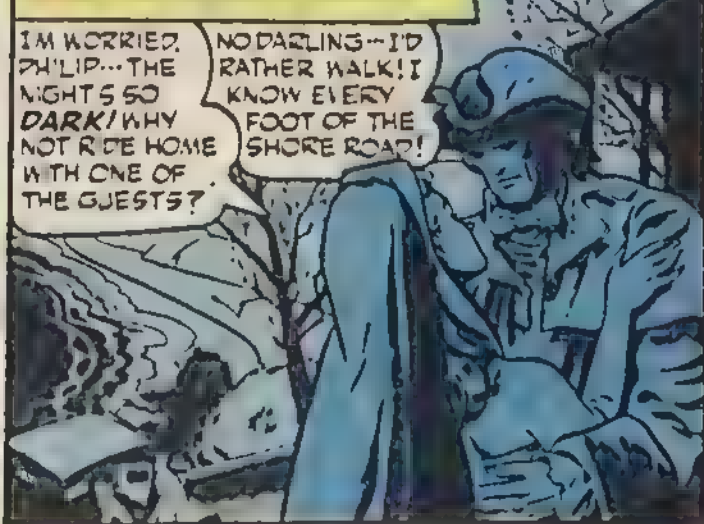
BUT DEEP WITHIN A TWISTED AND HATE-FILLED MIND...



PAH! IF I CAN'T HAVE HER... NO ONE CAN! DEATH TO THAT YOUNG FOOL!

CR-RAK!

AS THE GUESTS DEPART...



I'M WORRIED, PHILIP... THE NIGHT'S SO DARK! WHY NOT RIDE HOME WITH ONE OF THE GUESTS?

NO DARLING-- I'D RATHER WALK! I KNOW EVERY FOOT OF THE SHORE ROAD!

MINUTES LATER... WHERE THE ROAD SKIRTS THE SEA...

HERE HE COMES! ARAM WILL PAY US HANDSOMELY FOR THIS NIGHT'S WORK!

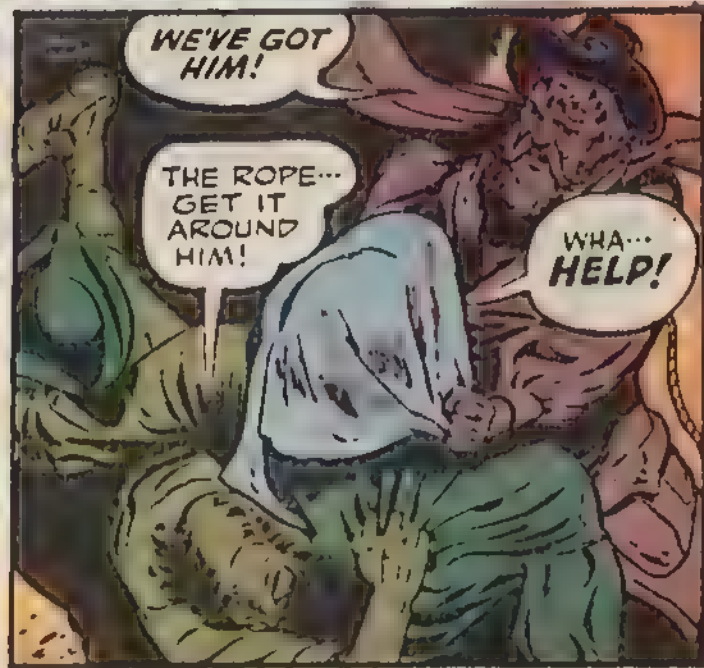
AYE... BUT I LIKE IT NOT!



WE'VE GOT HIM!

THE ROPE... GET IT AROUND HIM!

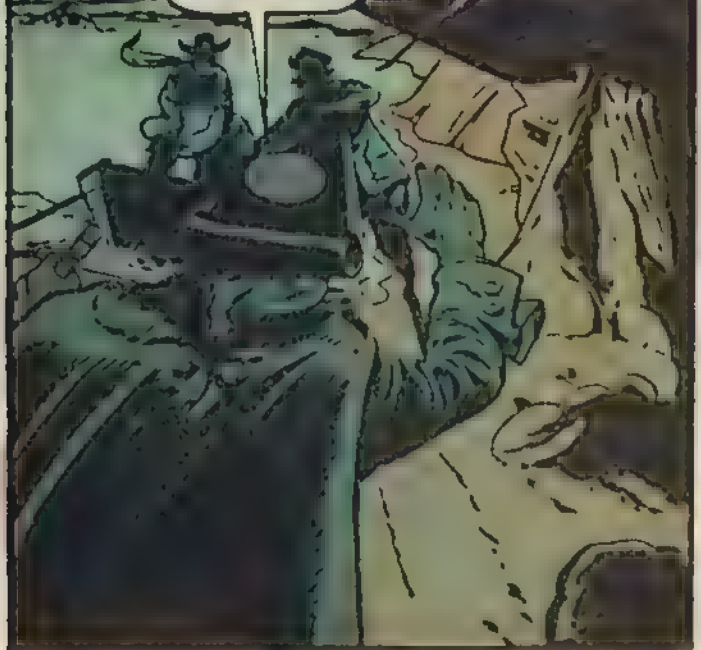
WHA... HELP!



GRIM MOMENTS LATER...

WAIT! I'M GOING WITH YOU! I INTEND TO MAKE SURE YOU KEEP OUR BARGAIN!

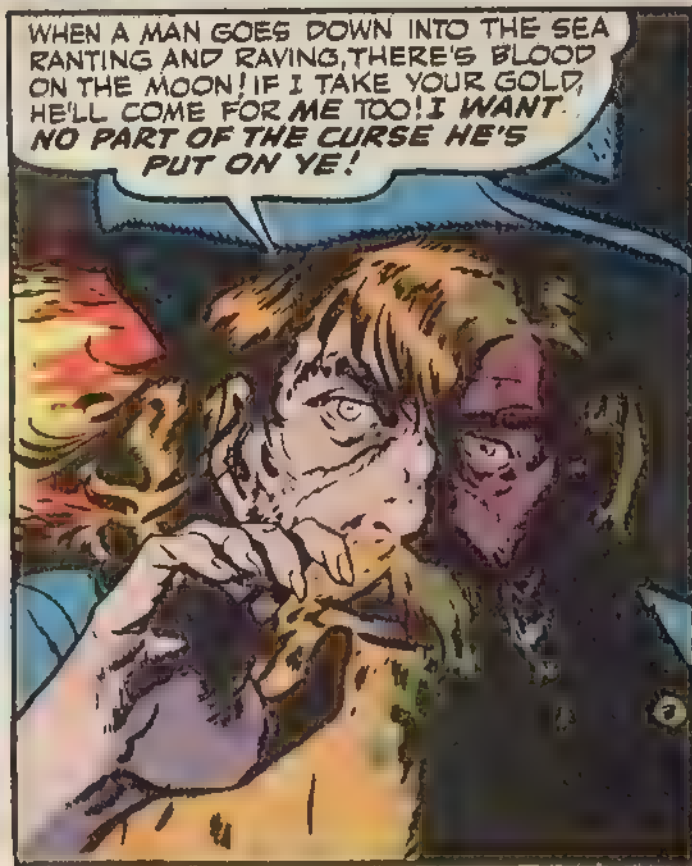
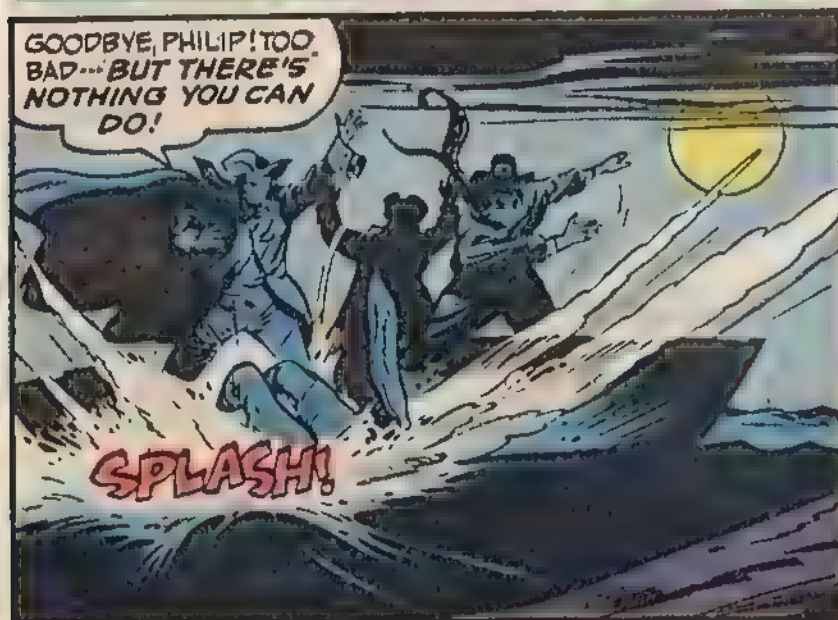
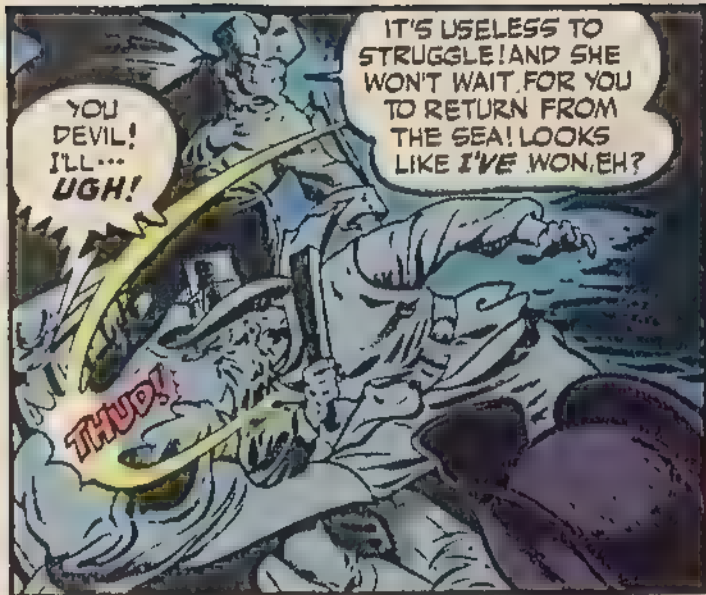
S-SQUIRE ARAM!



BEFORE YOU HEAVE HIM OVER... I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK AT HIS FACE! I'M CURIOUS TO SEE HOW MUCH COURAGE HE HAS LEFT!

HA-HA! YOU'RE A COOL ONE, SQUIRE!

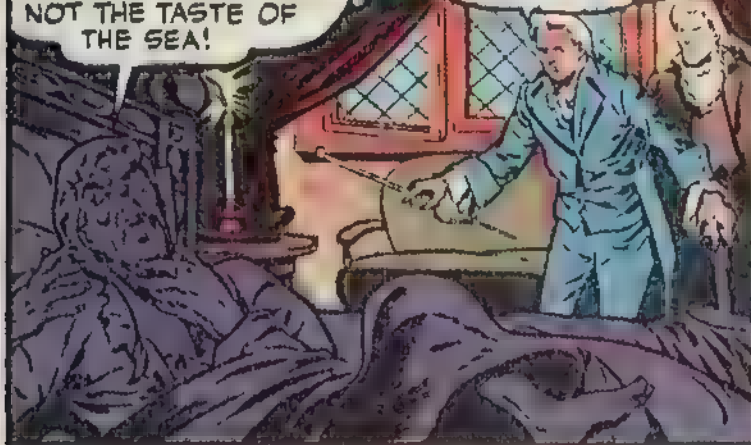




A WEEK LATER...SQUIRE ARAM IS STRICKEN WITH A STRANGE ILLNESS!

SALT! MY MOUTH... CHOKED WITH SALT! BRING ME SOMETHING TO DRINK THAT HAS NOT THE TASTE OF THE SEA!

STRANGE! HE HAS HAD NOTHING TO EAT OR DRINK! HE CANNOT SWALLOW!



HE IS GONE! HE HAD NO FEVER...YET HIS BODY IS HIDEOUSLY WASTED! AND AS HE DIED, HIS EYES GREW BRIGHT AND WILD...AS THROUGH SOME GREAT FEAR HAD COME INTO HIS SOUL!

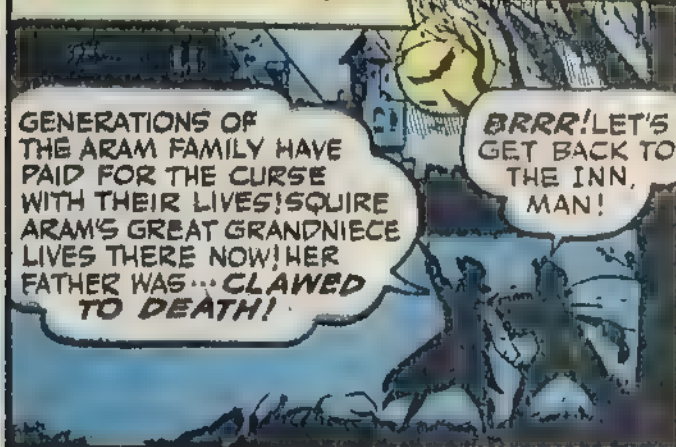
THERE'S A STORM AT SEA! THE CASEMENT BLEW OPEN! UH... THERE'S SOMETHING OUT THERE!



A CENTURY PASSES OVER ARAM HOUSE --LIKE A GREAT DARK BIRD OF THE SEA! THE YEAR IS NOW 1950!

GENERATIONS OF THE ARAM FAMILY HAVE PAID FOR THE CURSE WITH THEIR LIVES! SQUIRE ARAM'S GREAT GRANDNIECE LIVES THERE NOW! HER FATHER WAS... CLAWED TO DEATH!

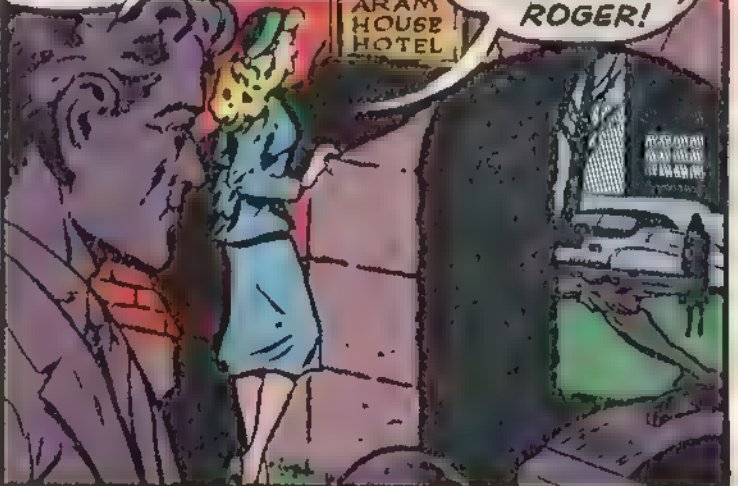
BRRR! LET'S GET BACK TO THE INN, MAN!



1948...AND ONCE MORE THE OLD HOUSE BLAZES WITH LIGHT AND GAIETY!

MMM, THE SEA AIR SMELLS GOOD! THIS PLACE HAS BEEN BOARDED UP FOR YEARS -- BUT MAKING A RESORT HOTEL OF IT WAS A SWELL IDEA, SYLVIA!

I HEAR IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE HAUNTED! WHAT A WAY TO START A HONEYMOON, ROGER!



LIGHT AND GAIETY, YES! BUT IT IS SAID THAT THE SEA IS STILL RESTLESS AROUND THIS BLEAK DWELLING! AS THE YOUNG COUPLE ENTERS...



IT IS SAID THAT THE GHOST OF A MAN LONG DEAD PACES THE HOUSE--FACES IN SILENT FURY--WHILE THE WIND HOWLS DISMALLY!

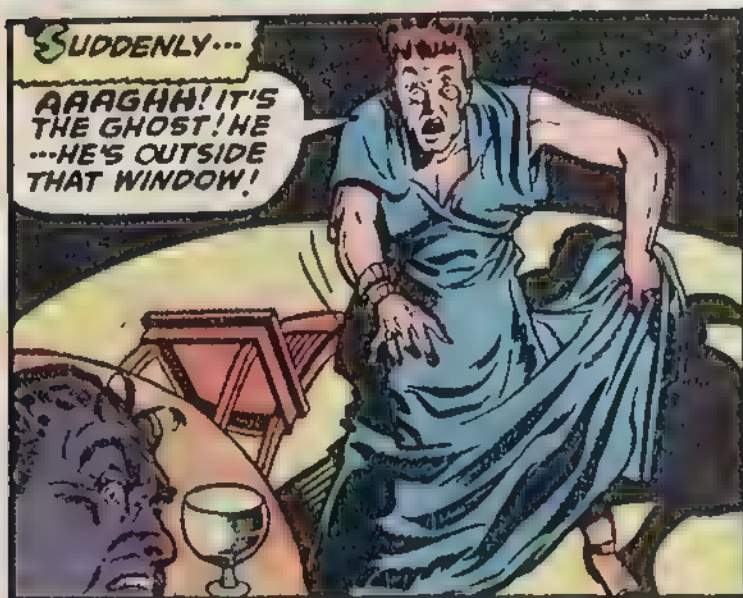
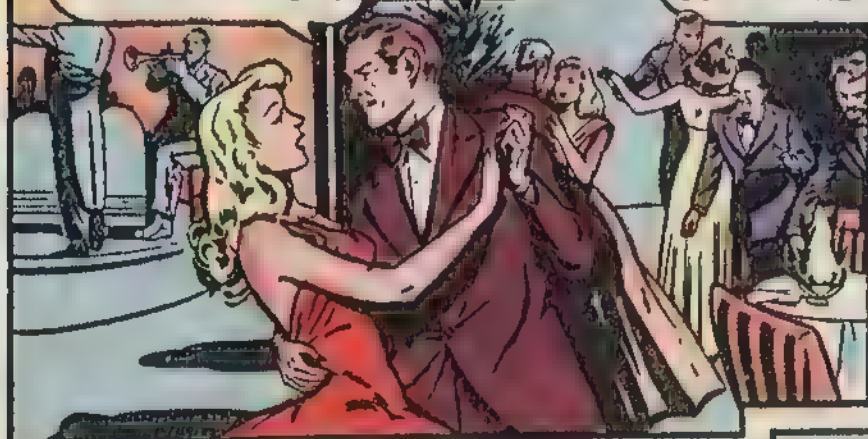


OR IS IT JUST THE MOONLIGHT...WEAVING PATTERNS OF TERROR? FOR INSIDE, WE FIND A VERY DIFFERENT WORLD!

NOTHING SCARY ABOUT THAT DANCE ORCHESTRA, SYLVIA! OR THE GUESTS! THEY'RE HAVING THE TIME OF THEIR LIVES! OH-OH! HERE COMES THE PROPRIETOR!

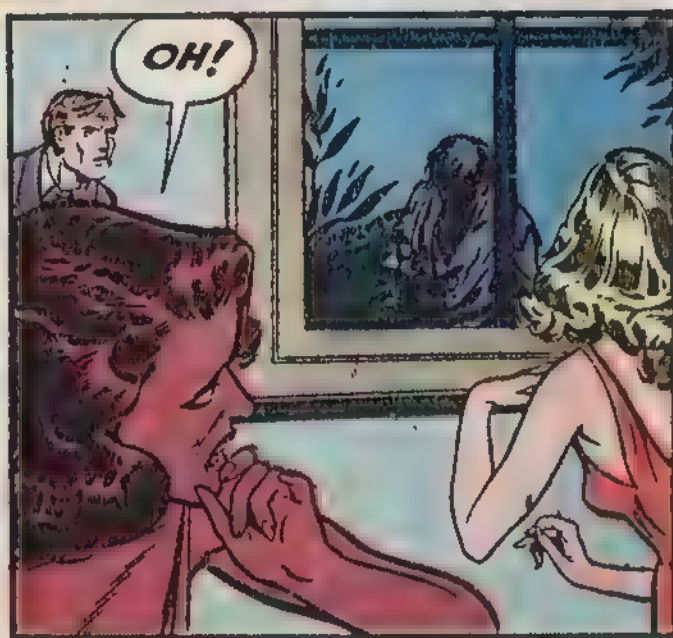
WE'RE NOT DOING SO BADLY, ARE WE? CONFIDENTIALLY, I BOUGHT THIS HOTEL FOR A SONG...BUT I EXPECT TO MAKE A GOOD THING OUT OF IT!

YOU'VE DONE THAT ALREADY, MR. TENANT!



SUDDENLY...

AARGHH! IT'S THE GHOST! HE...HE'S OUTSIDE THAT WINDOW!



OH!



ROGER, I'M GOING AFTER THAT GHASTLY THING...WHATEVER IT IS!

I'LL GO WITH YOU, KEN!

LOOK, ROGER! LET'S SEPARATE! I'LL TAKE THE SHORE ROAD AND YOU CAN KEEP TO THE TOP OF THE CLIFF!

RIGHT! NEVER THOUGHT I'D GO GHOST-HUNTING ON MY WEDDING NIGHT!

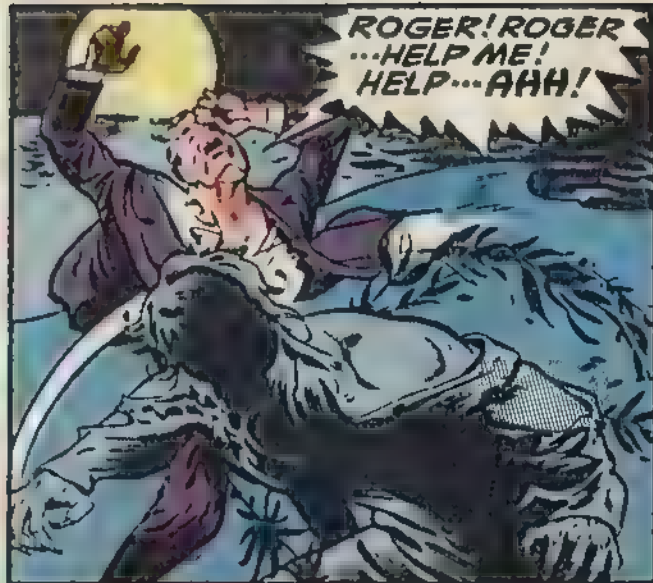


ON THE SHORE ROAD...A MOMENT LATER...

THIS PLACE IS AS SPOOKY AS A CEMETERY AT MIDNIGHT! THOSE BIG FLAT STONES LOOK JUST LIKE... GRAVE MARKERS!



ROGER! ROGER...
...HELP ME!
HELP... AHH!



DRAWN BY HIS FRIEND'S SCREAMS...

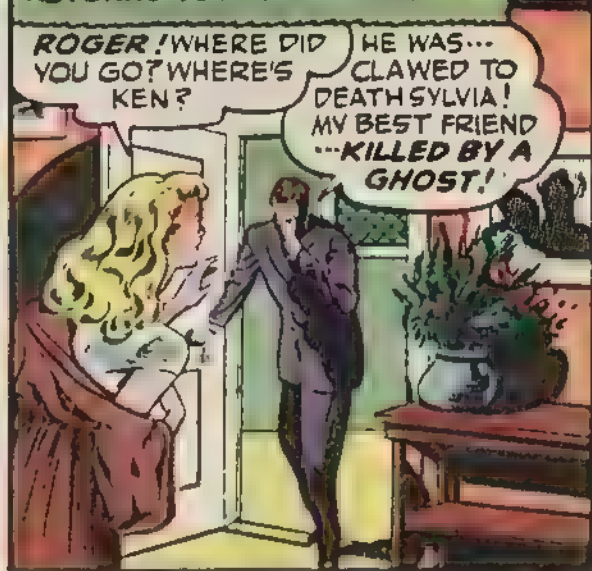
HE'S... STOPPED
BREATHING! THIS
IS HORRIBLE!



A HALF-HOUR LATER... ROGER
RETURNS TO ARAM HOUSE...

ROGER! WHERE DID
YOU GO? WHERE'S
KEN?

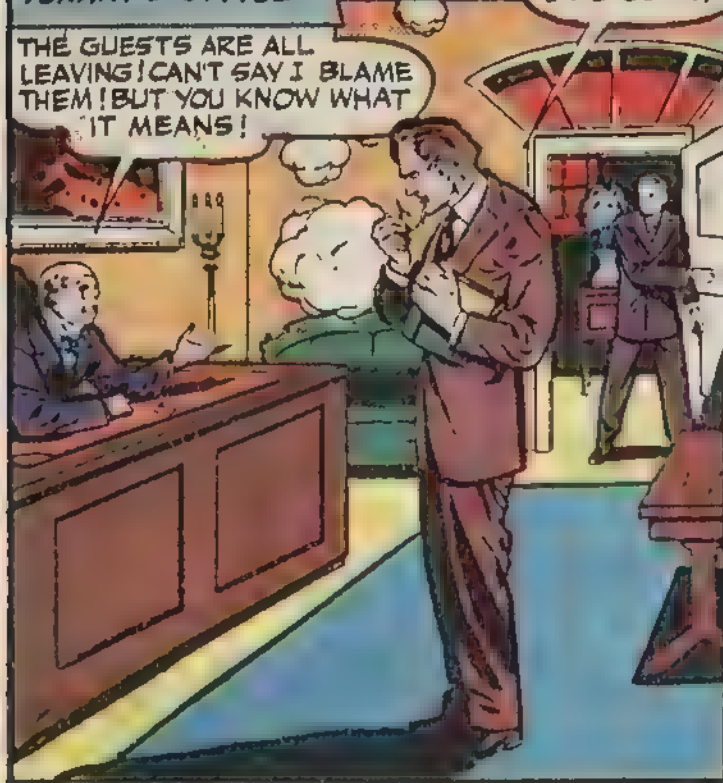
HE WAS...
CLAWED TO
DEATH SYLVIA!
MY BEST FRIEND
...KILLED BY A
GHOST!



LATER THAT NIGHT... IN JOHN
TENANT'S OFFICE...

I'M AFRAID
I DO, JOHN!

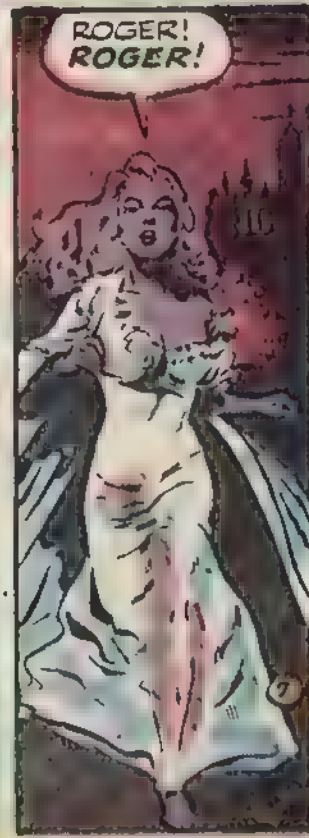
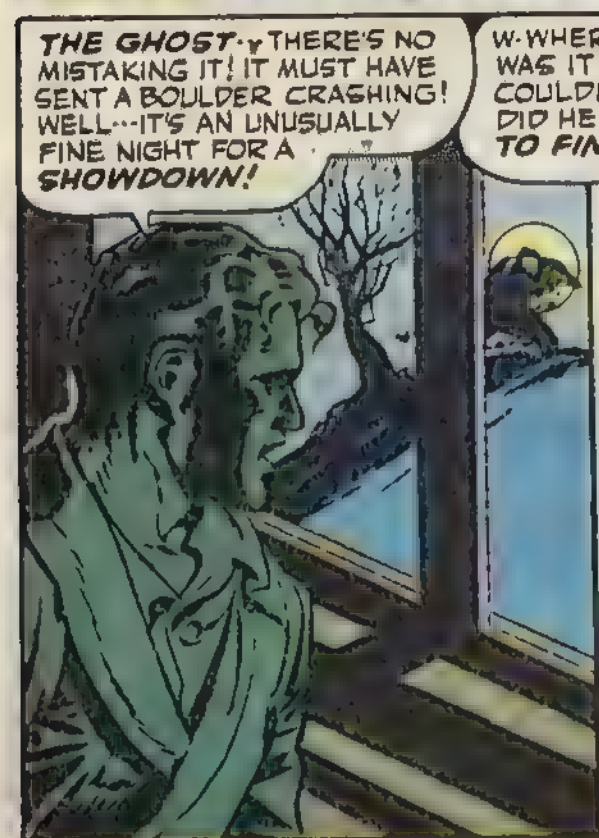
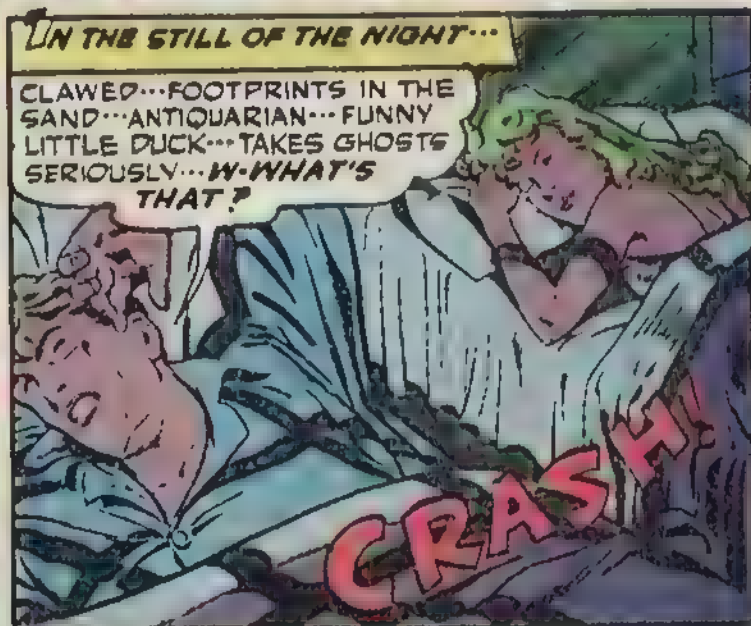
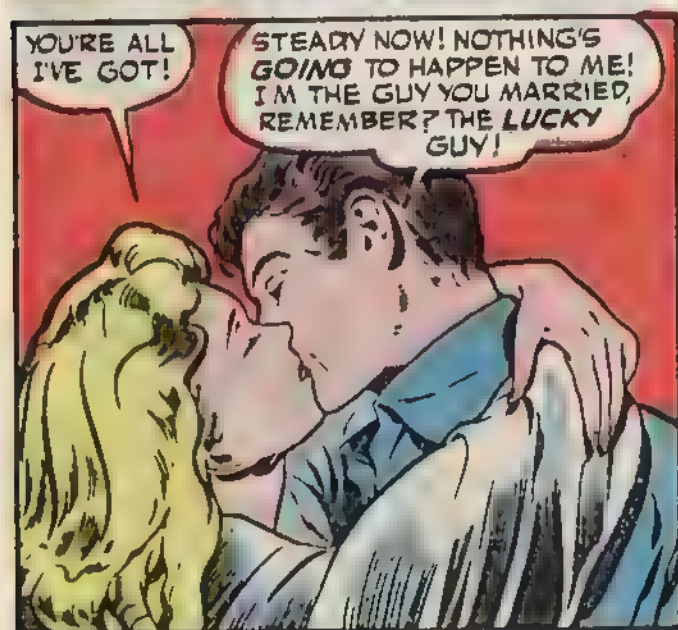
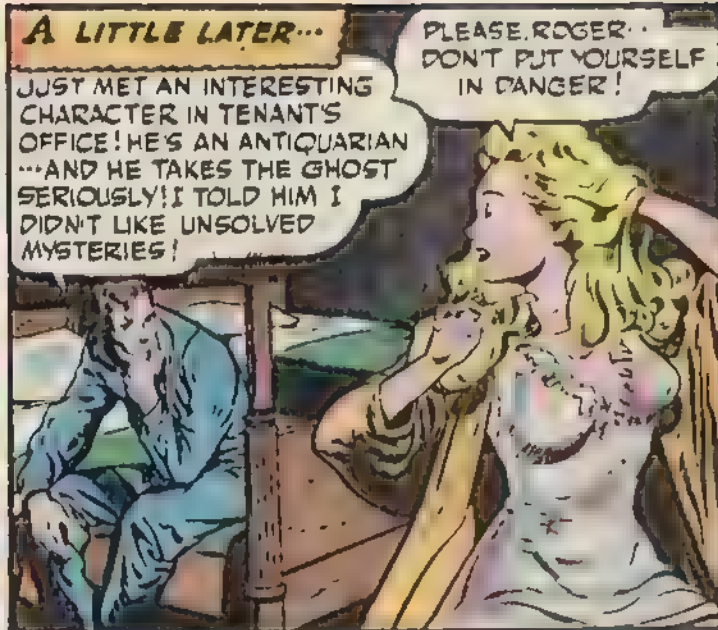
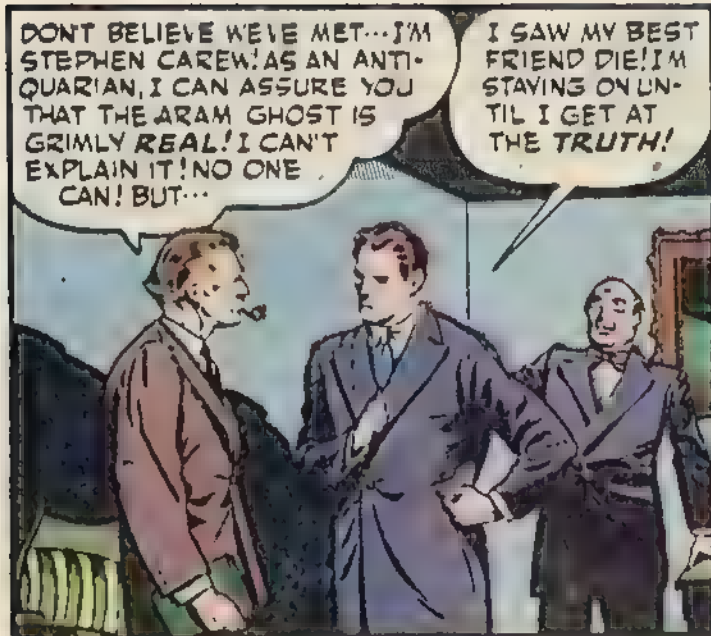
THE GUESTS ARE ALL
LEAVING! CAN'T SAY I BLAME
THEM! BUT YOU KNOW WHAT
IT MEANS!



IT MEANS I'LL LOSE
EVERY CENT I PUT
IN THIS PLACE!

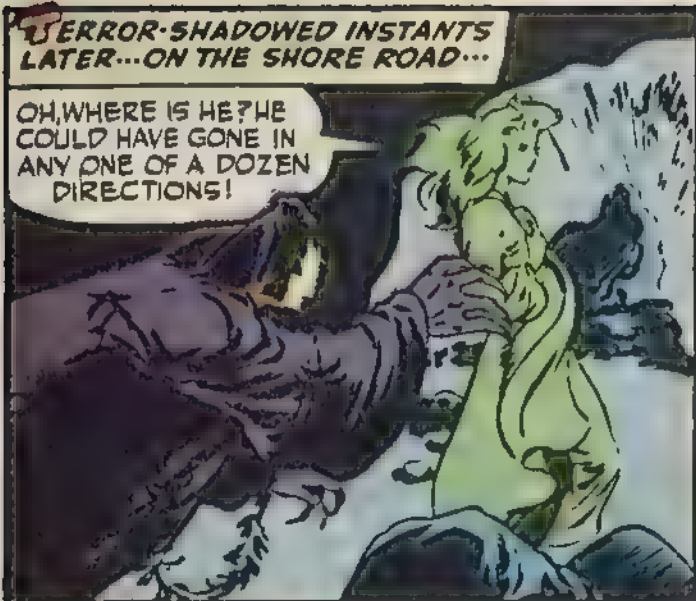
THE PICTURE'S NOT AS
BLACK AS THAT, MR.
TENANT! I'VE PER-
SUADED HALF THE
GUESTS TO STAY!



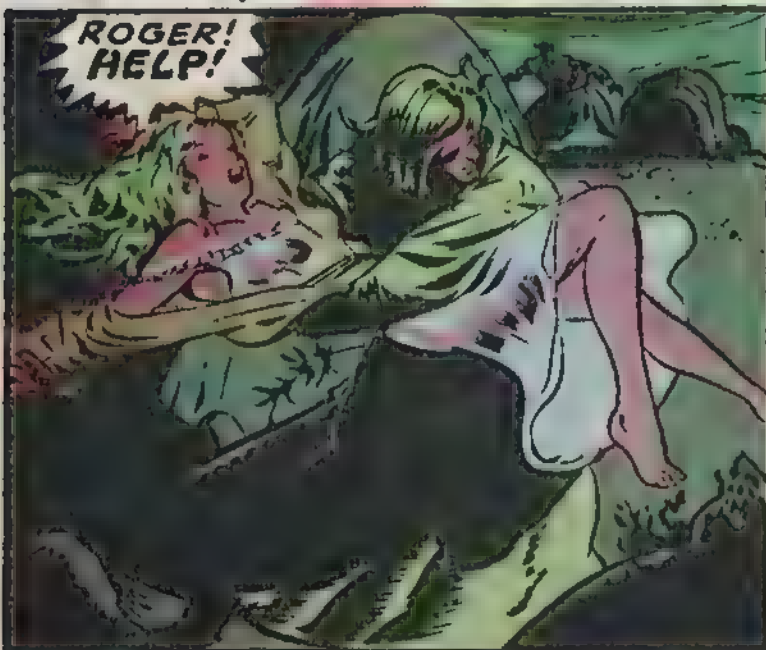


**TERROR-SHADOWED INSTANTS
LATER...ON THE SHORE ROAD...**

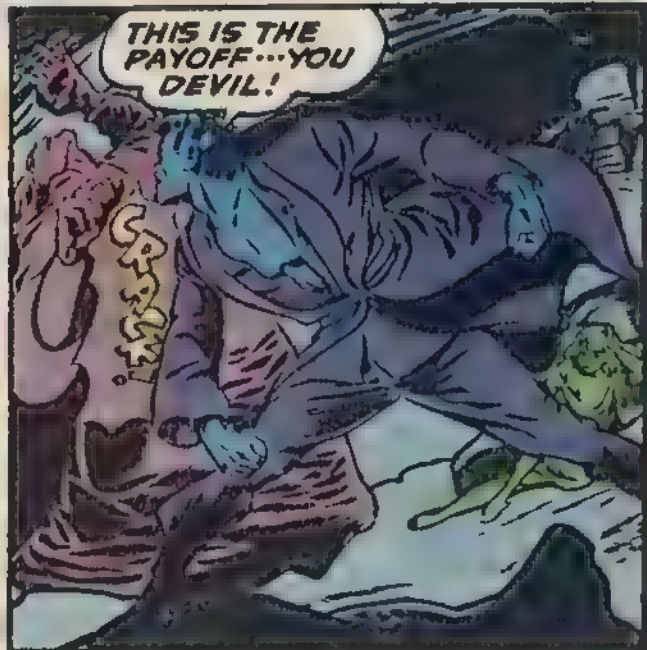
OH, WHERE IS HE? HE
COULD HAVE GONE IN
ANY ONE OF A DOZEN
DIRECTIONS!



**ROGER!
HELP!**



**THIS IS THE
PAYOFF...YOU
DEVIL!**



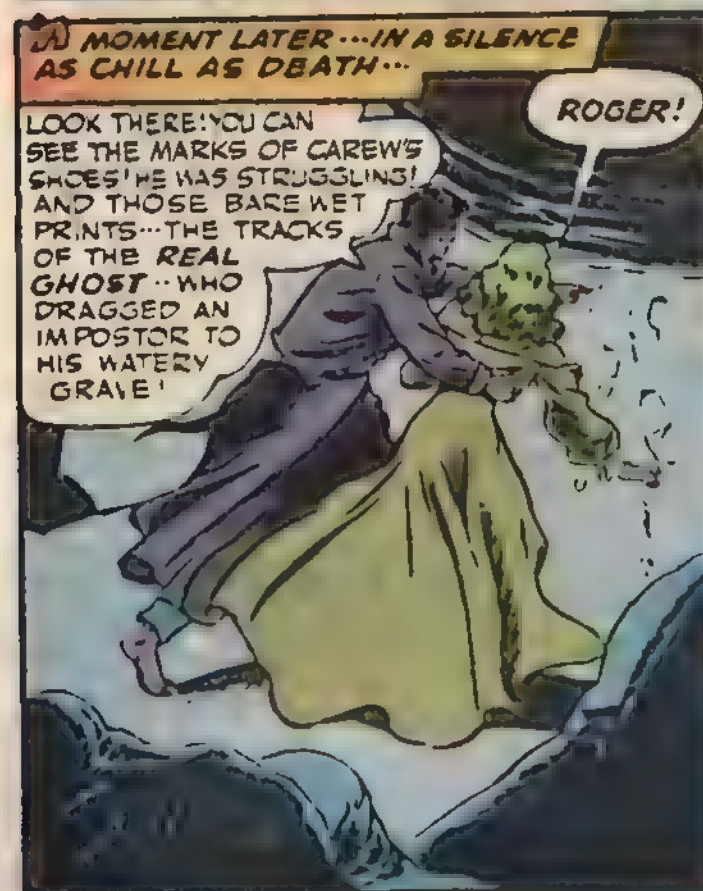
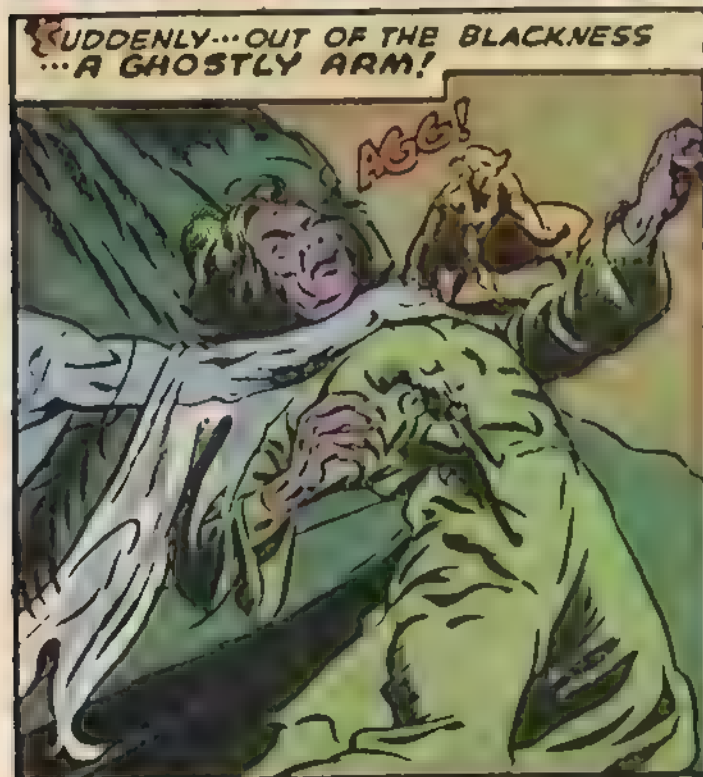
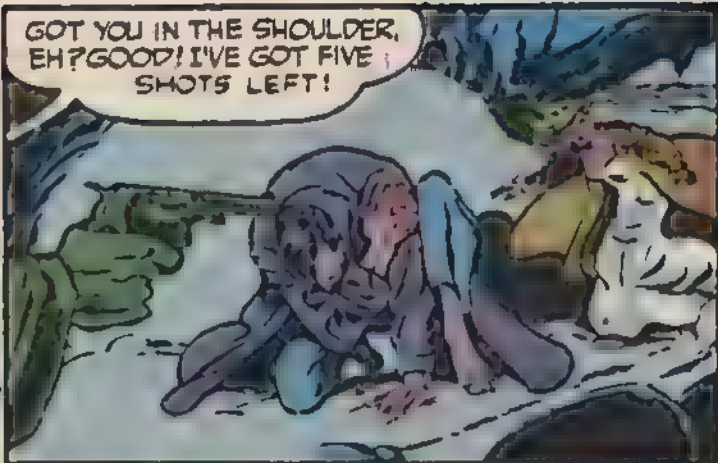
**GET BACK! I'VE GOT
A GUN! GET BACK,
YOU FOOL!**

**STEPHEN
CAREW! THE
ANTIQUARIAN!
THEN...THERE
WAS NO
GHOST?**

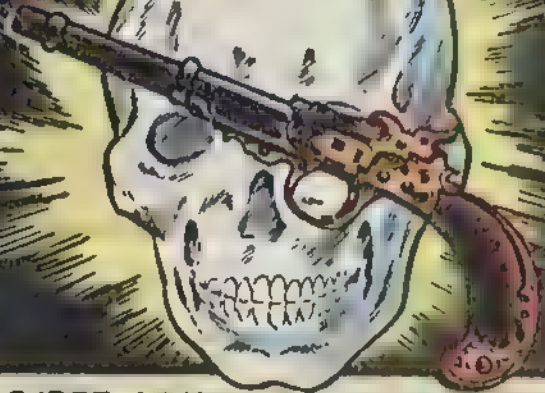


**YES, I'M CAREW! BUT MY MOTHER'S FAMILY BORE A
DIFFERENT NAME...ARAM! I'M THE LAST OF THE
ARAMS...AND I COULD NOT SEE THE MANSION OF
MY ANCESTORS DRAGGED INTO THE MUD! A COMMON
HOTEL! I DISGUISED MYSELF WITH LUMINOUS
PAINT...WORE STEEL-TIPPED GLOVES...TO
TERRIFY THE GUESTS! I KILLED YOUR FRIEND
WHEN HE RECOGNIZED ME! NOW I SHALL
KILL YOU!...GHOSTS, BAH!**





The CURSED PISTOL



CAN A CURSE ATTACH TO A THING OF DEAD WOOD AND METAL, TRANSFORMING IT TO AN INSTRUMENT OF GHOSTLY VENGEANCE? READ HOW DOOM STRUCK THROUGH THE AGES!

IN 1667, THE CHEVALIER DE FRAISE ENGAGED IN A DEADLY DUEL...

A CURSE ON THE PISTOL THAT SLEW MY SON! MAY IT STRIKE THROUGH THE CENTURIES AT YOU AND YOURS!

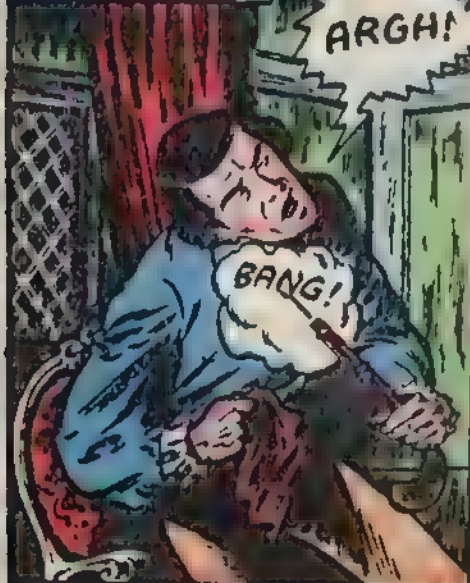
I FEAR NOT YOUR WORDS, OLD ONE!



BUT LATER...IN CLEANING THE PISTOL...

ARGH!

BANG!



WAS IT THE CURSE? WHO KNOWS? BUT IN THE SAME ROOM...A CENTURY LATER...

IT KILLED MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER! THEY SAY IT'S CURSED!

I WANT TO SEE IT!



ONCE AGAIN THE FATAL PISTOL STRUCK!

OH-HHH!

PHILIPPE! OH, N-NO!

BANG!



STRANGE ACCIDENTS, YOU SAY? BUT TWICE MORE THE ANCIENT FIREARM ROARED ITS MESSAGE OF DEATH! FINALLY, IN 1943...

THE LAST OF THE DE FRAISES...A PAUPER! AND ALL THAT'S LEFT TO ME IS THIS...THE CURSED PISTOL WHICH HAS BEEN OUR RUINATION!



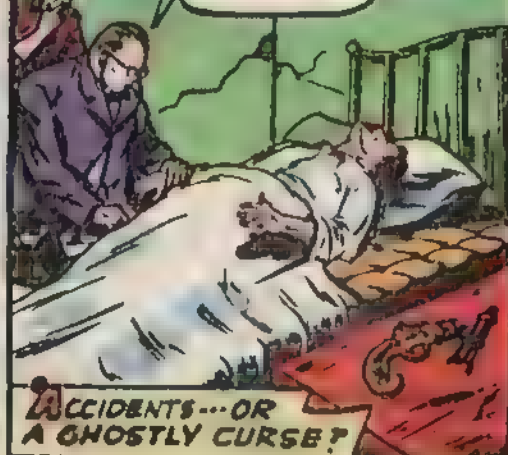
I'LL BREAK IT...SNAP ITS EVIL SPELL!...THERE!...UGH! A SPLINTER PIERCED MY HAND!

CRACK!



BUT STILL THE OLD WEAPON HAD THE LAST WORD! THE FOLLOWING DAY...

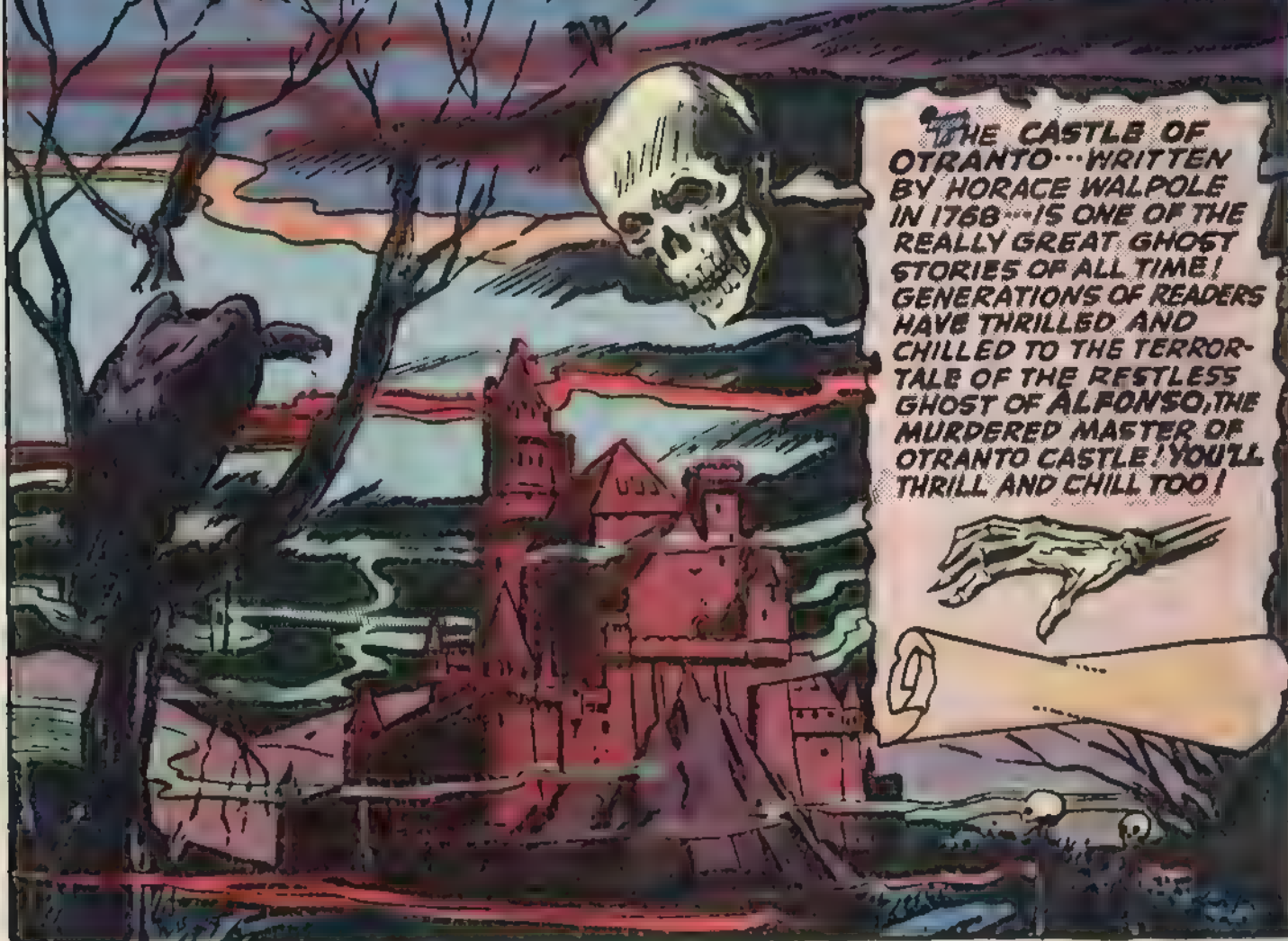
STRANGE...I'VE NEVER KNOWN BLOOD-POISON TO WORK SO FAST!...THE MAN'S DEAD!



ACCIDENTS...OR A GHOSTLY CURSE?

TELL ME A GHOST STORY

The CASTLE of OTRANTO



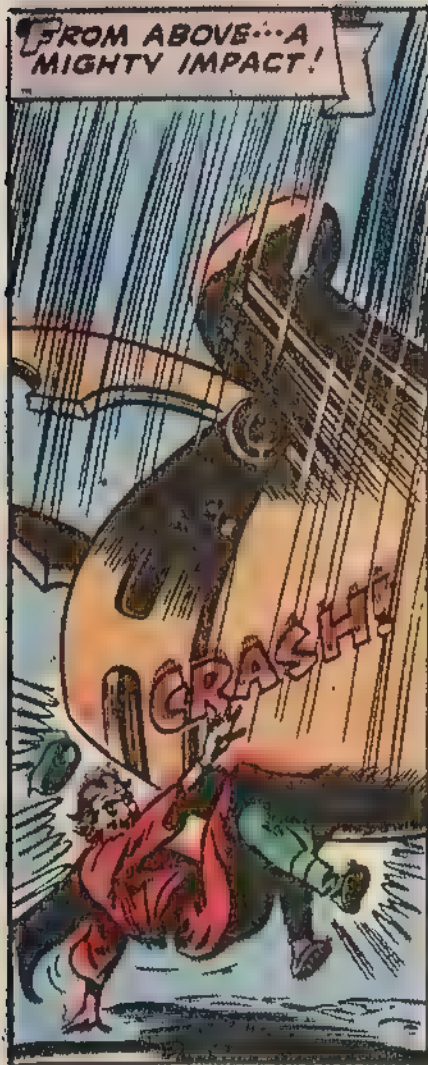
THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO...WRITTEN BY HORACE WALPOLE IN 1768...IS ONE OF THE REALLY GREAT GHOST STORIES OF ALL TIME! GENERATIONS OF READERS HAVE THRILLED AND CHILLED TO THE TERROR-TALE OF THE RESTLESS GHOST OF ALFONSO, THE MURDERED MASTER OF OTRANTO CASTLE! YOU'LL THRILL AND CHILL TOO!

THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO WAS BUILT IN THE DAYS OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR! IN THE DISMAL COURTYARD...AS HIGH, BLEAK TURRETS CATCH THE SUNLIGHT...

YES, I'M HEIR TO THIS CURSED CASTLE...BUT A SLAVE TO ITS OWNER, MY UNCLE MANFRED! AND AT HIS WISH I MUST MARRY A GIRL I'VE NEVER SEEN...BECAUSE HER NOBLE FAMILY PLEASES HIM! I'D RATHER BE DEAD THAN...

Suddenly...

WHATT A GREAT SHADOW...SWEEPING DOWN UPON ME! AHHH!



FROM ABOVE...A MIGHTY IMPACT!



JUSTIN! IT'S ...THE YOUNG MASTER! HE'S BEEN CRUSHED!

IT...IT'S THE HELMET OF ALFONSO! THE CASTLE'S RIGHTFUL LORD... SLAIN CENTURIES AGO BY MANFRED'S ANCESTORS, WHO TOOK OTRANTO FOR THEMSELVES! AND NOW HIS GHOST WALKS AGAIN!



AS THE SERVANTS REACH THE COURTYARD...THE GHOSTLY HELMET VANISHES!

THERE'S A CURSE ON THIS CASTLE! THERE'S A CURSE ON MANFRED, TOO...HE'LL DIE JUST AS HIS NEPHEW DID!

WE...WE MUST BRING HIM WORD OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED! COME!

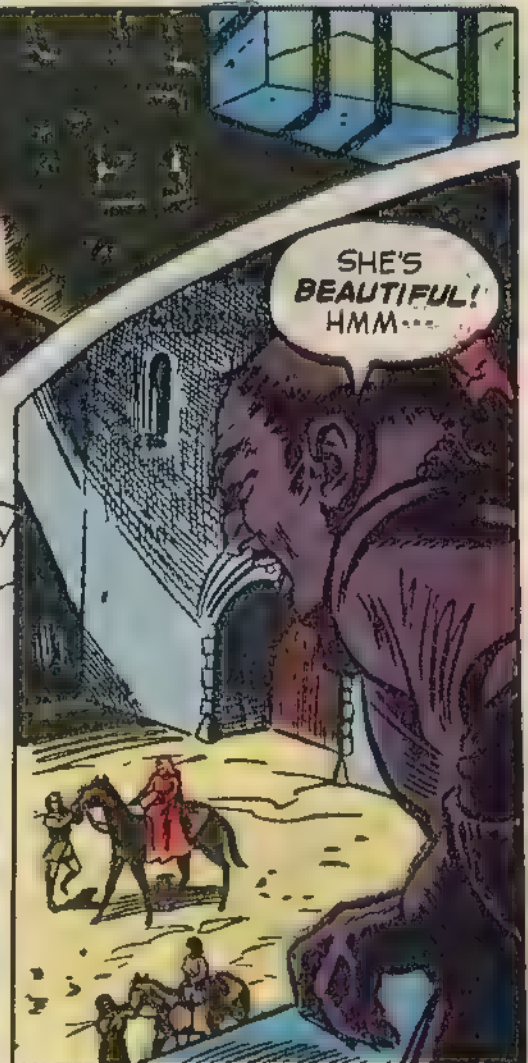


AND DO YOU EXPECT ME TO GRIEVE? FOOLS! MY NEPHEW HATED ME! AS FOR ALFONSO'S GHOST...PAH! I FEAR NOT THE LONG-DEAD! THIS CASTLE IS MINE!

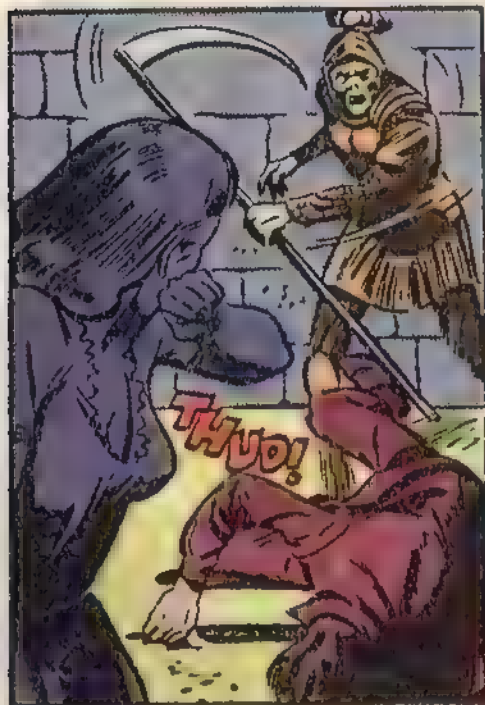
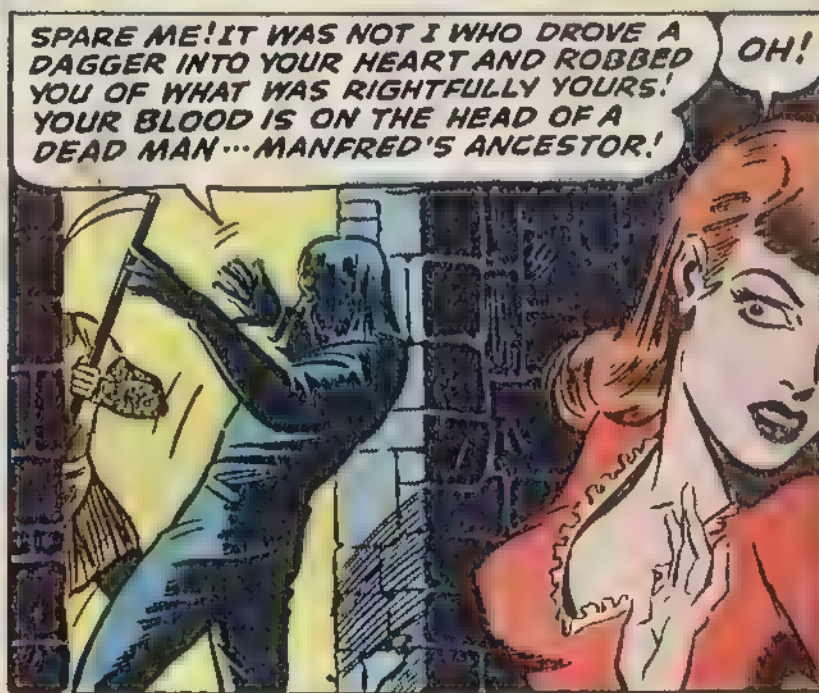
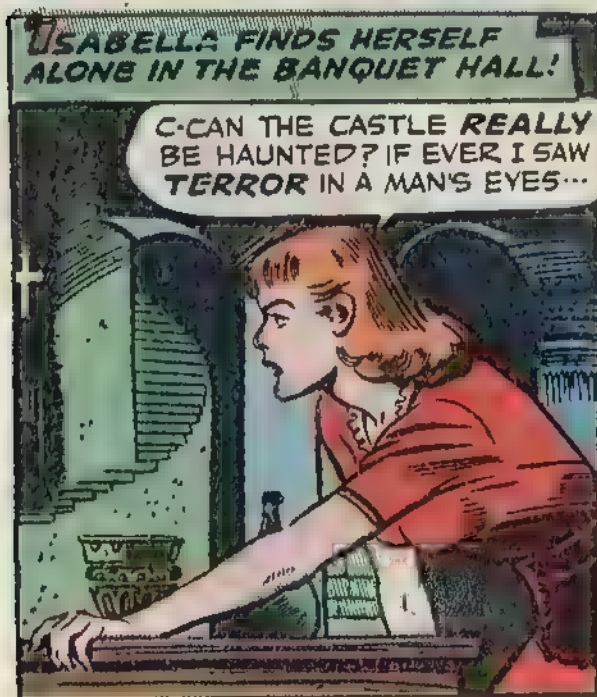
AT THAT MOMENT... APPROACHING THE CASTLE...

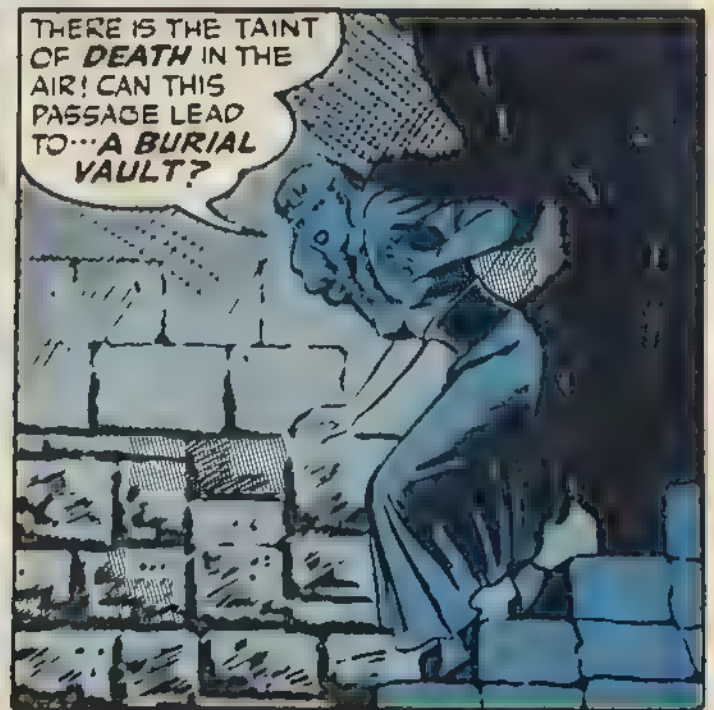
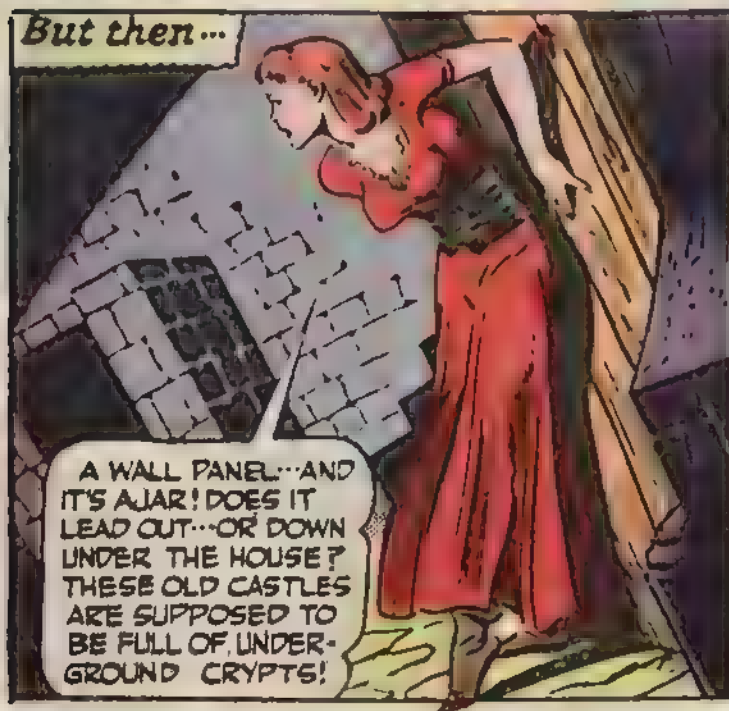
IS IT A DISGRACE TO BE POOR, ANNE? WHICH IS WORSE...TO MARRY A STRANGER, OR ENDURE THE UGLINESS OF POVERTY?

IT IS BEST THAT YOU MARRY HIM, MISTRESS! POVERTY IS A HARSH TASK-MASTER!



SHE'S BEAUTIFUL! HMM...





MY NAME'S THEODORE AND I
...LISTEN! THE VAULT'S
SHAKING! ALFONSO'S
GHOST MUST BE MOVING
ABOUT IN THE PORTRAIT
GALLERY! IT'S DIRECTLY
OVERHEAD!

I...I SAW IT!
IT SPOKE
TO ME!

AT THAT INSTANT...IN THE PORTRAIT GALLERY...

THERE IT
GOES, MASTER
...BACK INTO
ITS FRAME!

IT'S ARLEN! HE'S DEAD
...CUT DOWN BY THE
SCYTHE! WHY DOES
THE GHOST NEVER
ATTACK YOU?

I TOLD YOU WHY,
FOOL! I DO NOT
FEAR IT!... THAT
GIRL! WHERE
IS SHE?

THE BURIAL VAULT!
SO THAT'S WHERE SHE
WENT! BRING TORCHES...
HURRY! I'M GOING
AFTER HER!

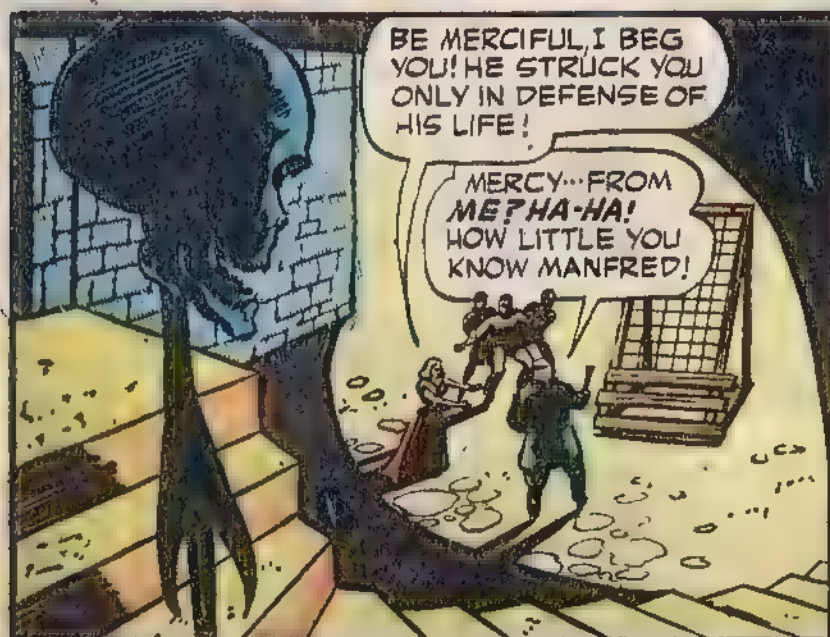
VOICES
...IN THE
VAULT!

MAYHAP SHE
TALKS WITH THE
DEAD, MASTER!

WHO BE YOU,
SIRRAH...
LIVING LIKE
A GHOUL IN
THE VAULT OF
MY ANCESTORS?

NOT YOUR
ANCESTORS,
MANFRED!
MINE!

YOU DARE TO SPEAK
TO ME THUS? FOR
THAT...I WILL HAVE
YOUR LIFE!



I CAME TO THIS CASTLE KNOWING IT WAS RIGHTFULLY MINE! SEE... I BEAR THE SEAL OF OUR HOUSE UPON MY FLESH! AN ARROW... SPEEDING TRUE TO ITS MARK!

THEN YOU ARE MY HEIR! YOUR HERITAGE... COURAGE-- AND THE RIGHT TO WALK IN THE SUNLIGHT AND FEAR NO MAN!



AS FOR YOU--MY VENGEANCE WILL BE QUICKLY SATISFIED! ...DIE, MANFRED!

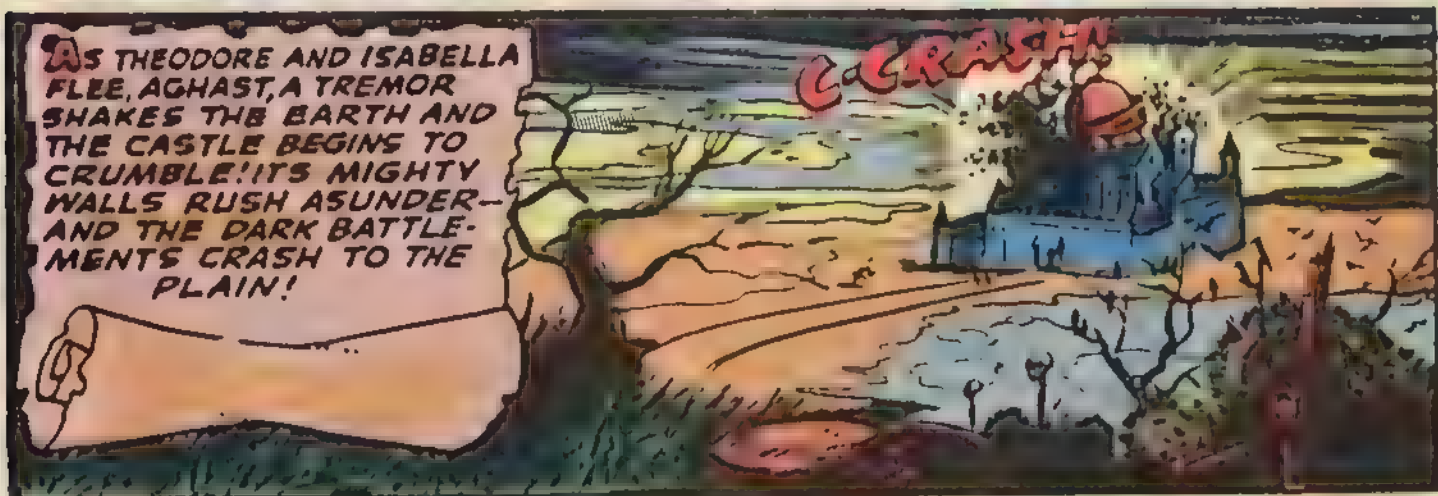


ARRO!

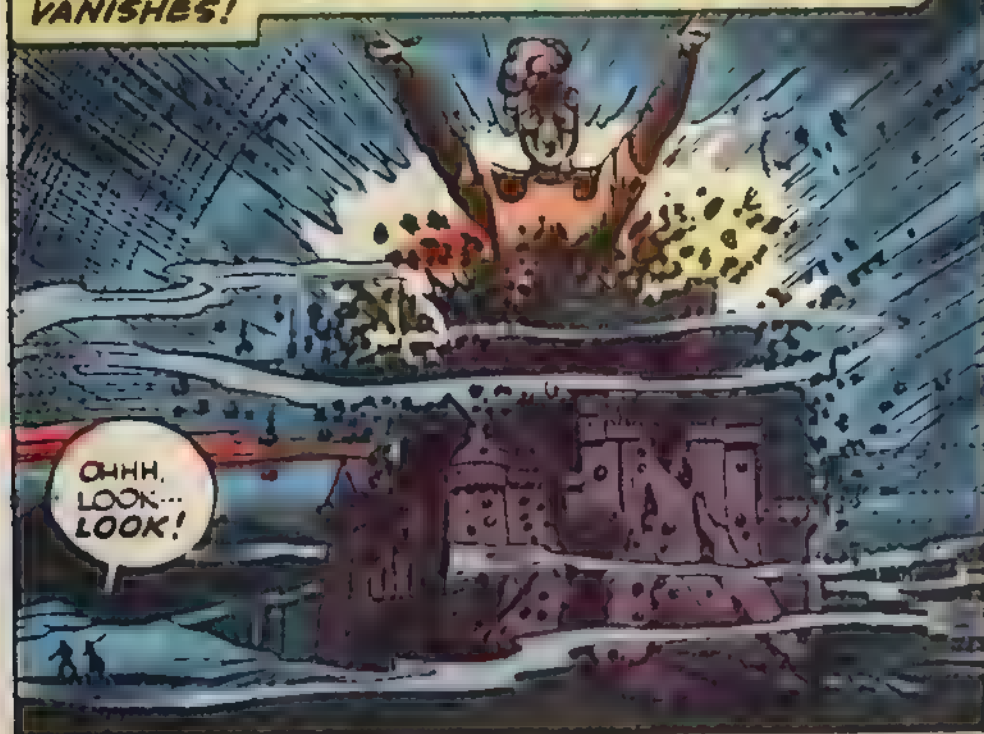
THE CASTLE WOULD DO YOU NO GOOD, LAD! IT IS STAINED WITH BLOOD AND TEARS! I WILL GROW SWIFTLY LARGER! YOU MUST GO-- BEFORE MY SPIRIT LEAVES THE EARTH FOREVER!



AS THEODORE AND ISABELLA FLEE, AGHAST, A TREMOR SHAKES THE EARTH AND THE CASTLE BEGINS TO CRUMBLE! ITS MIGHTY WALLS RUSH ASUNDER-- AND THE DARK BATTLEMENTS CRASH TO THE PLAIN!



FOR AN INSTANT... BRIEF AS A DROPPED HEARTBEAT... A GHOSTLY SHAPE LOOMS AGAINST THE CLOUDS, GROWN TO TOWERING HEIGHT! THEN IT DIMS AND VANISHES!



OH! OH!
LOOK...
LOOK!

Later... BY A QUIET STREAM...

SOMEHOW... I'M GLAD THE CASTLE'S GONE! A MAN WITH WISDOM IN HIS HEAD AND STRENGTH IN HIS ARMS CAN MAKE HIS OWN WAY IN THE WORLD! IT'S GOOD... JUST TO BE ALIVE!



END!

The HORRIBLE TOYS

JANE moved across the creaking floorboards of the dark old house, her pigtails quivering.

"Don't make so much noise, Jimmy!" she breathed.

"I'm not scared!" Jimmy flared, glowing at his sister. "There's a big pile of bottles in the cellar! Mr. Jenkins will pay us a penny apiece for soda pop bottles!"

"Mrs. Meek was a *witch*!" Jane complained bitterly. "She didn't die like people do. She comes back here and sits in the window! Freddy Wilson saw her!"

"Aw, don't be a scary cat!" Jimmy flung out. "Nobody lives here now!"

"Mrs. Meek does! Jimmy, I'm afraid of her!" Jane was big for her age, but now she felt very small. She shivered in dread alarm. "She comes back! She does!"

Jimmy started to reply; then froze.

"Jane, look! It's a rag doll! Right over there—by the wall!"

Jane let out a gasp. The doll sat in the shadows, with its back to the wall. It was covered with cobwebs. It had a funny grinning face, and it wore a calico dress. Sawdust was spilling out of it.

Then Jimmy saw the fire engine. All rusty it was, as though it had traveled to its last fire and was now ready for the junkpile.

The children didn't hesitate. They went down on their knees in the dust and picked the toys up, their eyes glowing.

"Golly, Jimmy, you couldn't *buy* a doll like this!" Jane enthused. "Look how its eyes shine! Like it was alive!"

"Jeepers!" Jimmy muttered. "I *like* old fire engines! This one's all smoked up an' everything!"

Jane let out another gasp. She was feeling the tug now. The doll was twisting, tugging at her, as though it wanted to go somewhere. It wasn't tugging with its arms. Oh, no. It was just a limp rag doll.

But Jane could feel the tug. It was like—holding a big magnet that tugged, pulled!

The fire engine was tugging too. At Jimmy!

The children followed the tugging. They didn't want to, really. But they were scared not to.

Throw the toys down, children—get rid of them! Please, children, hurry! Do you want to die? The witch comes back and sits in the window! If you don't want to meet her, *stay away from that closet!*

The closet's mouldy old door was a little ajar, as though it had a birthday-present surprise for Jimmy and Jane. The toys seemed to want to enter the closet, taking the children with them!

It was Jane who threw the door wide. She didn't want to, but she had to obey the doll.

"Jimmy, I'm scared! Jimmy, don't run! Oh, Jimmy!"

Mrs. Meek stood just inside the closet, with a sickly yellow light flooding down over her. Death hadn't changed Mrs. Meek much. She had been scrawny and hideous in life and she was hideous now. From her thin, shriveled face to her turned-in toes she was wrapped in cobwebs, which clung to her like a shroud!

In Mrs. Meek's hideous, shrunken face two eyes rolled a little, to fasten on the children. But as her withered skeleton-thin arms went out to make sure the children would not escape, the tugging stopped.

Jimmy hurled the fire engine straight at Mrs. Meek! There was an awful, splintering crash. Mrs. Meek fell back into the closet. Dust swirled up about her and she began to crumble.

But the children didn't wait to see the last of Mrs. Meek! They turned and ran screaming from the house and out into the warm, bright sunlight!

True GHOSTS of HISTORY

The VENGEFUL SPECTER OF LORD TYRONE

LORD TYRONE IS DEAD OF THE PLAGUE! LORD TYRONE IS DEAD!

OUR STORY OPENS IN DUBLIN TOWN ON A DISMAL NIGHT IN THE LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY! A TOWN CRIER MAKES HIS NIGHTLY ROUND...

IN THE WEALTHY HOME OF SIR TRISTRAM BERESFORD...

YOUR LADYSHIP! THE CRIER SAYS THAT LORD TYRONE IS DEAD! YOU KNEW HIM, DID YOU NOT?

LORD TYRONE... DEAD? OH, NO... NO!

SHE... SHE'S FAINTED! BUT WHY? WHY?

MY DEAR... WHY SHOULD THE DEATH OF A COMPARATIVE STRANGER TERRIFY YOU?

LORD TYRONE WAS NO STRANGER TO ME! I... I FEAR HIM, EVEN IN DEATH!

HE WAS A CRUEL, BRUTAL MAN... AND BEFORE I MET YOU, HE COURTED ME! WHEN I REFUSED HIM, HE THREATENED A TERRIBLE REVENGE! HE KNEW HE WAS FATED TO DIE EARLY... AND WARNED HE'D COME BACK TO HAUNT ME!

AS LADY BERESFORD RETIRES, A STRANGE CHILL SWEEPS THE ROOM! THEN... THE GHOST OF LORD TYRONE!

I WARNED YOU THAT I WOULD RETURN, MY DEAR! GIVE ME YOUR HAND!

NO... NO! DON'T TOUCH ME! YOU'RE... D-DEAD!

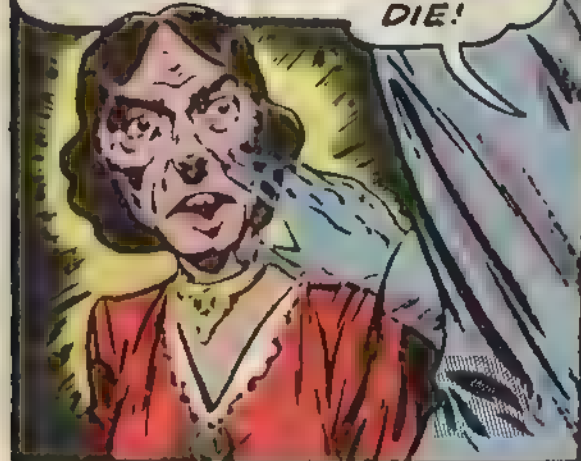
AS THE COLD HAND OF THE GHOST TOUCHES THE WARM, BEAUTIFUL HAND OF THE LIVING WOMAN...

MY HAND... SHRIVELING
AHHH!

I GO... BUT MY
REVENGE IS NOT
YET COMPLETE!
**TWICE MORE SHALL
YOU TREMBLE
BEFORE ME!**



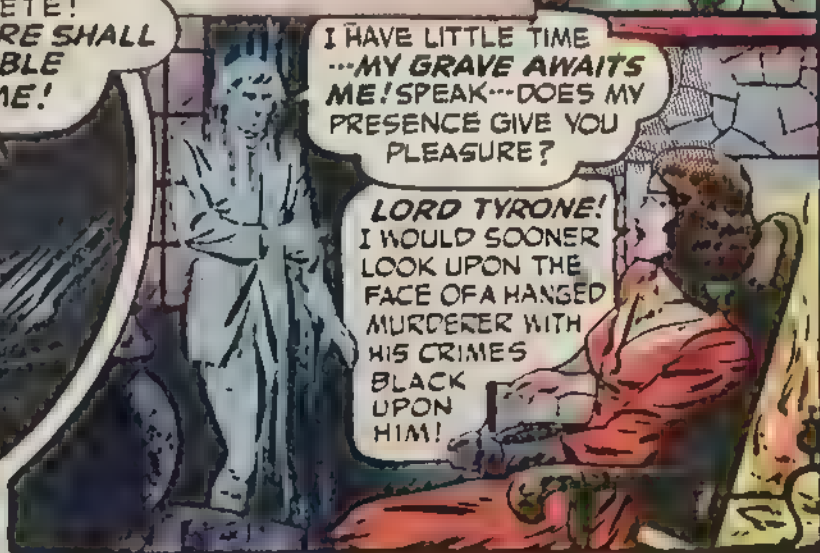
**YOU FOOL
...YOU DARE
OFFEND THE DEAD? THEN I TOUCH
YOUR FACE... AND IT CEASES TO
BE BEAUTIFUL! FOR TEN YEARS
YOU WILL TURN TO THE WORLD
THE FACE OF A WITHERED OLD
WOMAN! THEN, ON YOUR FORTY-
SEVENTH BIRTHDAY... YOU WILL
DIE!**



**SPECTRAL VENGEANCE... A WITHERED HAND!
LADY BERESFORD CONCEALED HER GHASTLY
DEFORMITY WITH A BLACK SCARF, AND,
DREAD IN HER HEART, WAITED FOR THE
GHOST TO STRIKE AGAIN! TEN YEARS
LATER... HE CAME!**

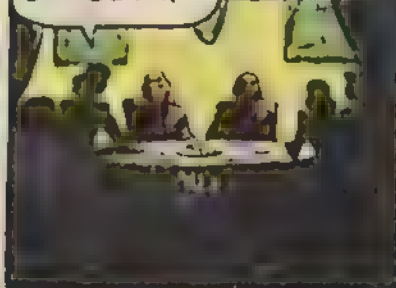
I HAVE LITTLE TIME
...MY GRAVE AWAITS
ME! SPEAK... DOES MY
PRESENCE GIVE YOU
PLEASURE?

LORD TYRONE!
I WOULD SOONER
LOOK UPON THE
FACE OF A HANGED
MURDERER WITH
HIS CRIMES
BLACK
UPON
HIM!



**UNDAUNTED, THE STRICK-
EN WOMAN CARRIED ON...
AS IF DARING THE GHOST
TO DO ITS WORST! ON HER
FORTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY...**

YOU SEE, DR. HERWOOD WE
ARE STILL A HAPPY FAMILY!
I AM FORTY-SIX, AND LOOK
EIGHTY! BUT MY HUSBAND
SEES ME WITH THE EYES
OF YOUTH!



DEAR MADAME, I WAS PRESENT
AT YOUR CHRISTENING! WHEN
YOUR BIRTH DATE WAS ENTERED
IN THE VILLAGE REGISTRY... A
MISTAKE WAS MADE! YOU'RE
FORTY-SEVEN! I... I
THOUGHT YOU KNEW!

**FORTY-
SEVEN!
YOU'VE
SIGNED MY
DEATH
WARRANT!**



**WHEN THE TERRIFIED WOMAN
REACHES HER BEDROOM...**

DID YOU THINK YOU
COULD ESCAPE ME,
MY DEAR?

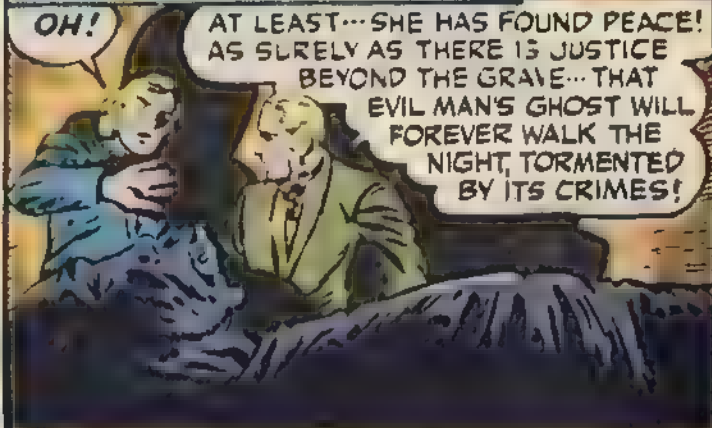
YOU!



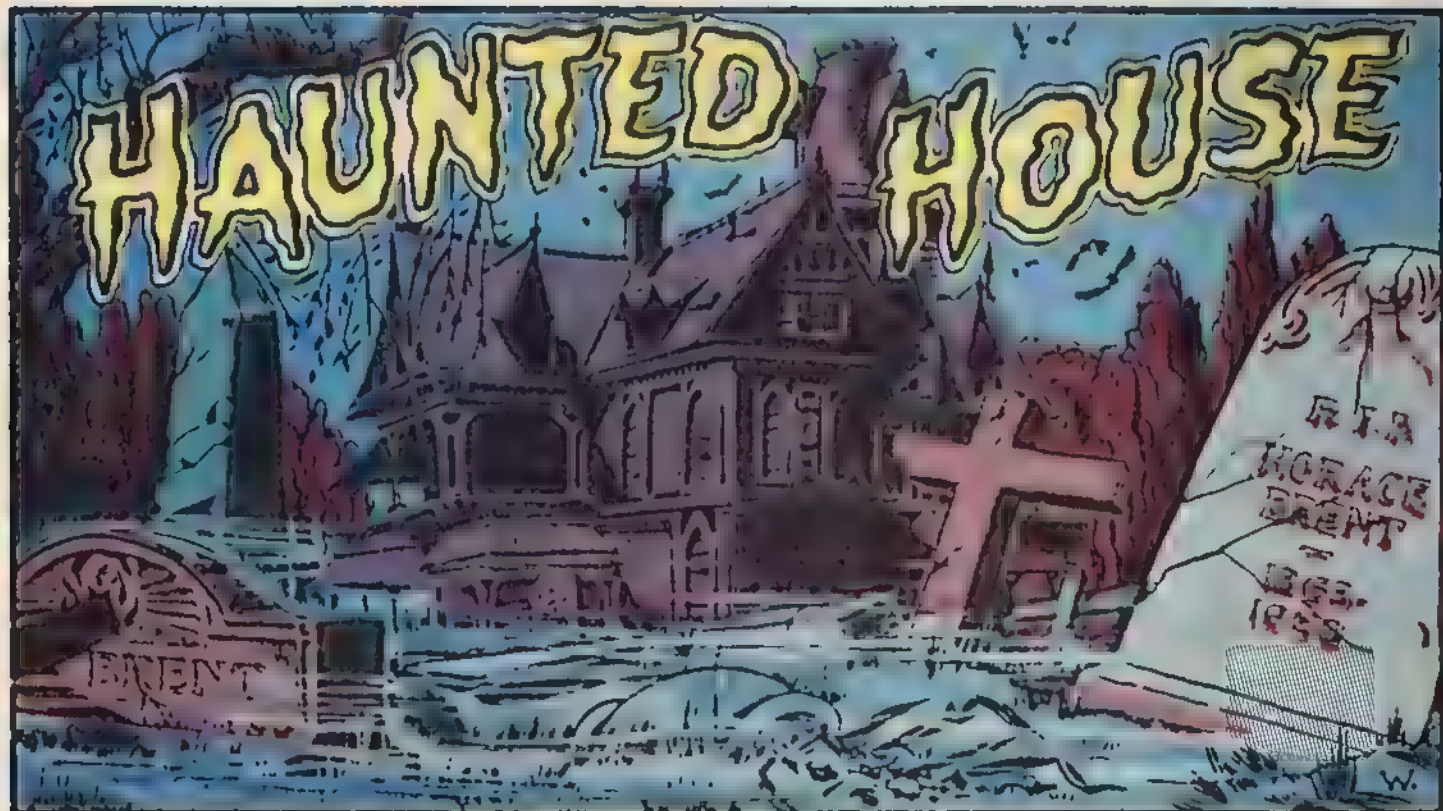
**MOMENTS
LATER... AN AWFUL DISCOVERY! WITHERED
LIKE A LONG-DEAD MUMMY...**

OH!

AT LEAST... SHE HAS FOUND PEACE!
AS SURELY AS THERE IS JUSTICE
BEYOND THE GRAVE... THAT
EVIL MAN'S GHOST WILL
FOREVER WALK THE
NIGHT, TORMENTED
BY ITS CRIMES!



**MANY DOCUMENTS BEAR WITNESS TO THE TRUTH
OF THIS TERRIFYING STORY! IT IS BASED ON EYE WITNESS
ACCOUNTS, AND WAS USED BY SIR WALTER SCOTT AS THE
THEME OF A ROMANCE! ANOTHER CHILLING TRUE GHOST
STORY IN OUR NEXT ISSUE--DON'T MISS IT!**



NO BUSINESS TODAY, BENNY... LET'S LOCK UP! LORNA WANTS US TO COME TO SOME LAWYERS' OFFICE... THEY'RE READING HER UNCLE'S WILL TODAY!

WISH I HAD A GIRLFRIEND WHO WUZ AN HEIRESS, FRED! A MILLION BUCKS... AN' SHE'S THE ONLY RELATIVE!

EAGER-BEAVER DETECTIVE AGENCY
PROD CASES
GHOST HOUSE
PROPS

THE LAW OFFICES OF FIELDING AND JONES...

I KNOW MY UNCLE WAS ECCENTRIC... OTHERWISE HE WOULDN'T HAVE SPECIFIED THAT HIS WILL BE READ TEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH! BUT YOU SAY IT CONTAINS AN ODD PROVISION, MR FIELDING?

YES, MISS BRENT! BRIEFLY, YOU ARE TO INHERIT A MILLION DOLLARS... ON THE CONDITION THAT YOU SPEND TO-NIGHT AT THE OLD BRENT MANSION!

ZOWIE! ALL THEM BUCKS, JUST TA DROP IN AT A HOUSE FOR ONE NIGHT! WOTTA GINCH, EH, MR JONES?

NOT QUITE THE CINCH YOU THINK! THE MANSION'S BEEN BOARDED UP FOR TEN YEARS... AND ONE HEARS STRANGE STORIES! TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, IT'S SAID TO BE HAUNTED... BY THE VENGEFUL GHOST OF OLD HORACE BRENT!

HAUNTED! BUT...

IN THAT CASE, MY PARTNER AND I WILL GO ALONG WITH MISS BRENT... TO SEE THAT SHE COMES TO NO HARM!

I... I WISH YOU ALL LUCK! PERSONALLY, I WOULDN'T BRAVE THAT AWFUL PLACE FOR TEN MILLIONS!

NIGHTFALL
...AND THE
OLD BRENT
MANSION
LOOMS
DEAD
AHEAD!

IT... IT
LOOKS
SCAREY!

DON'T WORRY, LORNA! I'VE
GOT A STRANGE SENSE OF
DANGER, BUT WE'LL
BE ON THE ALERT!

GHOSTS, POOH! THOSE
LAWYERS FIELDING AND
JONES MAY BE SCARED
...BUT NOT LI'L
BENNY! C'MON IN!

THAT PICTURES HORACE BRENT!...NO
WONDER HE WANTED LORNA TO
SPEND THE NIGHT HERE! HE
WANTED TO SCARE HER!
BRRRR...HIS FACE GIVES ME
THE SHIVERS!

YER
TOO

EASILY
SCARED FREDDIE
ME BOY! BE LIKE
ME...**NOTHIN'**
SCARES ME!

FRED...BENNY...LOOK!
THERE'S A COLD DRAUGHT
COMING FROM SOMEWHERE!
**THE CANDLE...IT'S
BLOWING...**

**HA-HA-HA-
HEEEEEE!**

THE
LIGHT
...IT'S
GONE
OUT!

LISTEN!
WHAT
WAS
THAT?

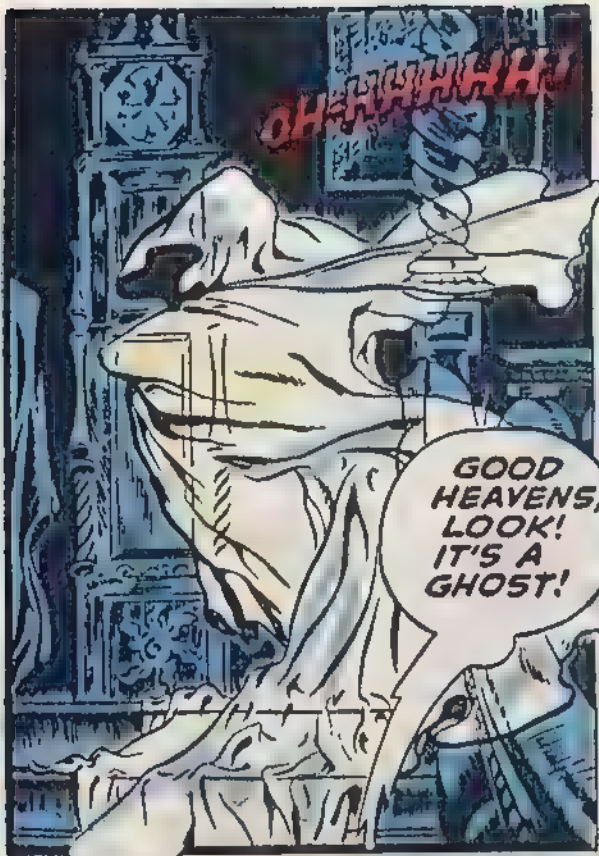
AI-EEE!

OH-HHH! THAT
AWFUL LAUGH...
**WHAT WAS
IT?**

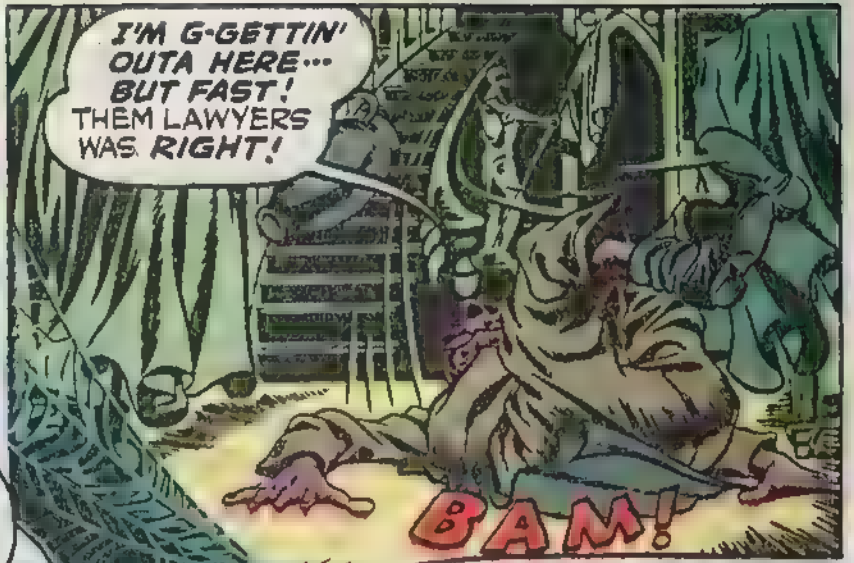
I DON'T KNOW...BUT WE'RE
GOING TO FIND OUT!...GET
UP, BENNY, YOU FOOL...**WE'RE
GOING TO SEARCH THE
HOUSE!**

I...I HEAR SOMETHING
...FROM THE LANDING
UP ABOVE!

IT...IT'S LIKE
THE CLINKING
OF CHAINS!



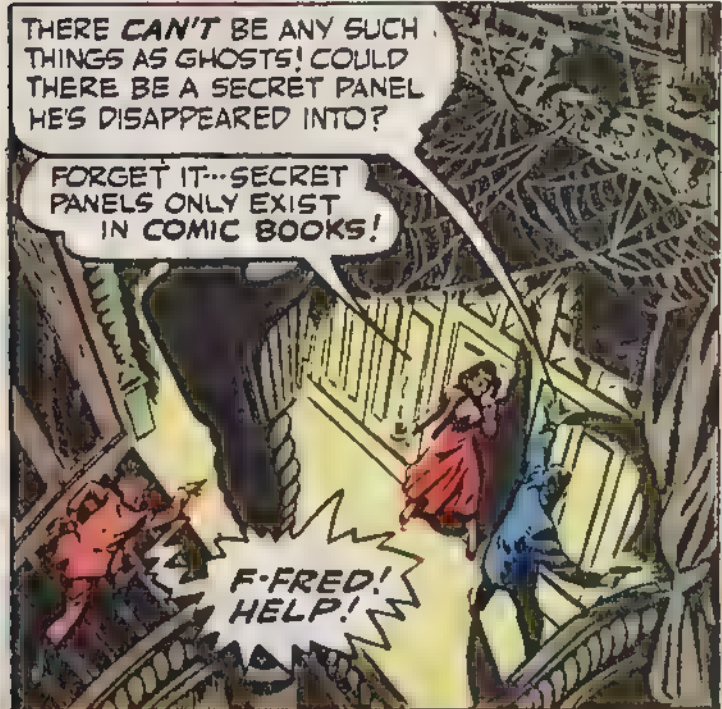
GOOD HEAVENS, LOOK! IT'S A GHOST!



I'M G-GETTIN' OUTA HERE... BUT FAST! THEM LAWYERS WAS RIGHT!



I...I GOTTA GET A GRIP ON MESELF, ON ACCOUNTA THERE AIN'T NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS! I...HMMM, WOT'S THIS?



THERE *CAN'T* BE ANY SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS! COULD THERE BE A SECRET PANEL HE'S DISAPPEARED INTO?

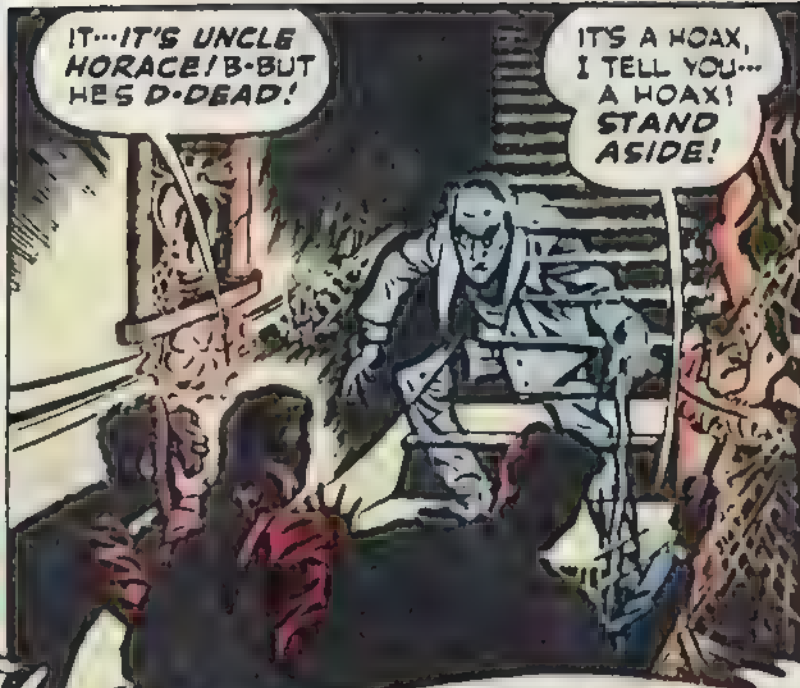
FORGET IT--SECRET PANELS ONLY EXIST IN COMIC BOOKS!

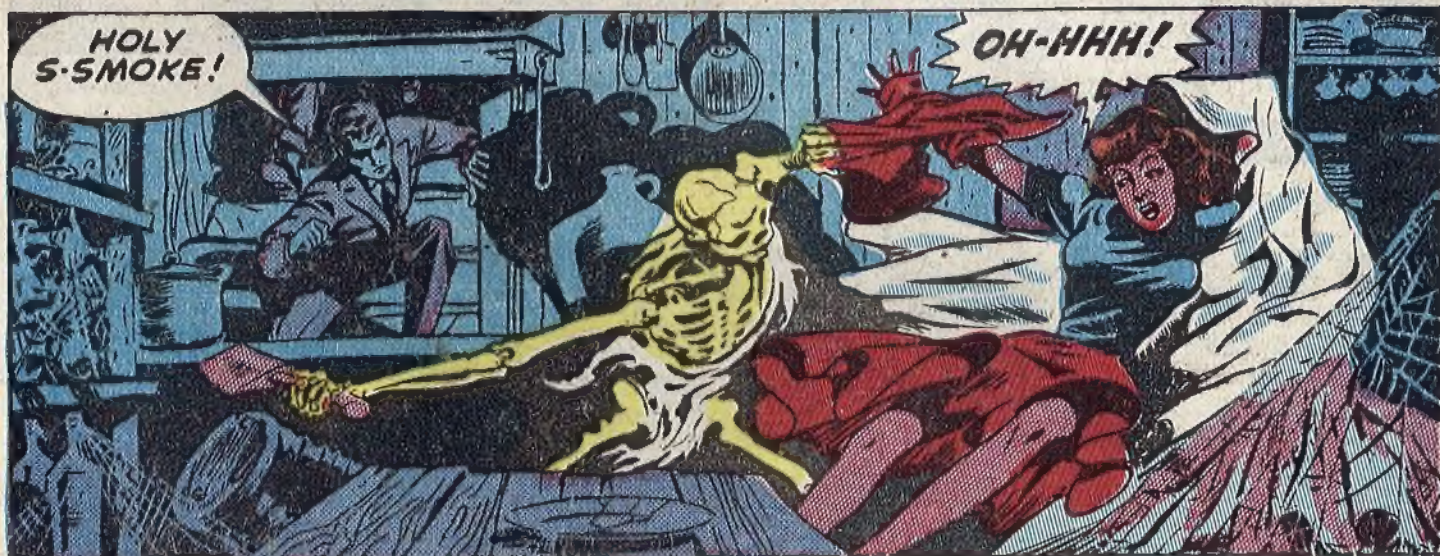
F-FRED! HELP!



I'M T-TELLIN' YOU! A S-SKEL--A S-SKEL--

ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME YOU SAW A SKELETON? GHOSTS, SKELETONS, BAH! THERE'S NOTHING ON EARTH THAT CAN'T BE EXPLAINED BY FACTS...AND IT'S FACTS WE'RE GOING TO GET!







THAT SCREAM
...IT SPELLS
DEATH! COME
ON, BENNY...
BRING JONES
WITH YOU!



IT'S **FIELDING**, AS I
THOUGHT... AND
MURDERED!
BETTER START
TALKING, JONES!

WE'VE EMBEZZLED HALF OF
HORACE BRENT'S ESTATE
SINCE HE DIED... FIELDING
FORCED ME INTO IT! WE'D
HAVE BEEN FOUND OUT IF
LORNA INHERITED IT... SO
FIELDING TRIED TO MAKE
HER LOSE OUT BY SCAR-
ING HER OUT OF SPEND-
ING THE NIGHT HERE!
YOU SEE, HE WAS THE
ALTERNATE HEIR!



WELL, LORNA'S STILL GOT
HALF A MILLION LEFT,
ANYWAY! I WUZ **RIGHT**
IN SAYIN' THERE WUZ'N'T NO
SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS!
GUESS THIS MESS IS ALL
CLEARED UP, HUH?



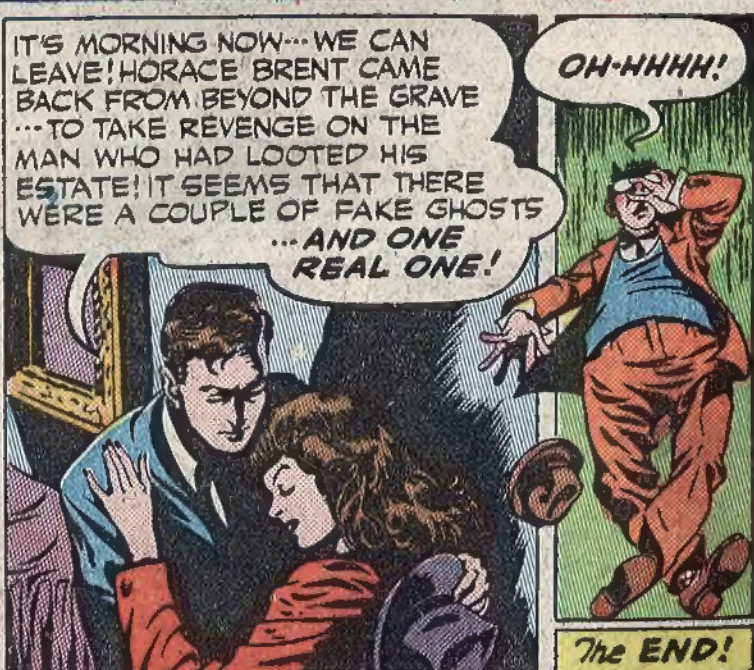
ALL EXCEPT ONE
THING, BENNY! **WHO**
USED THIS STICK
TO KILL FIELDING?

YOU... YOU'RE HOLD-
ING **UNCLE HORACE'S**
CANE, FRED! AND
LOOK AT HIS
PICTURE!



H-HOLY
HANNAH!
HIS **CANE**
... IT'S
GONE!

AND... AND HE'S
RIDDLED BY THE
BULLETS YOU FIRED
AT HIM... WHEN WE
MET HIM IN THE
UPSTAIRS
CORRIDOR!



IT'S MORNING NOW... WE CAN
LEAVE! HORACE BRENT CAME
BACK FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE
... TO TAKE REVENGE ON THE
MAN WHO HAD LOOTED HIS
ESTATE! IT SEEMS THAT THERE
WERE A COUPLE OF FAKE GHOSTS
... AND ONE
REAL ONE!

OH-HHHH!

The **END!**

And to think they used to call me

SKINNY!

**Give Me 15 Minutes A Day
And I'll Give You A NEW BODY**

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system — "*Dynamic Tension*." And it turned me into such a *complete* specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on *top of the world* in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how *short* a time it takes "*Dynamic Tension*" to GET RESULTS!

"*Dynamic Tension*" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge... and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me *where* you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky?

FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "*Dynamic Tension*" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2K
115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Are you short-winded, pepleless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "*Dynamic Tension*" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "*Dynamic Tension*," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

**CHARLES
ATLAS**

Holder of title,
"The World's Most
Perfectly Developed
Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2K

115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "*Dynamic Tension*," will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

Hand Out Only 20 Coupons FREE



**CHOICE OF LADY'S
OR MAN'S WATCH**

WRIST WATCH GIVEN

Just for helping us get acquainted with new customers and friends, we will send your choice of a smart, new, imported Swiss movement, **Lady's Wrist Watch** or dependable **Man's Wrist Watch** for handing out or mailing only 20 snapshots and photo Enlargement Coupons **FREE** to neighbors and relatives. There is **nothing** for you to buy. There is **nothing** for you to sell and collect for. Your exquisite Wrist Watch is sent in a special gift box when all of the coupons have come back to us with a snapshot for enlarging. You can even mail these Enlargement Coupons to friends and relatives in other towns if you wish. Everyone is happy to use the coupon because it gives them our new bargain offer of a beautiful 5x7 inch enlargement at only 19c. You will be charmed and thrilled with your beautiful Wrist Watch. Send today for your 20 get-acquainted Enlargement Coupons to hand out **FREE** and also get our **EXTRA GIFT** offer of a beautiful simulated Birthstone Ring correct for your month of birth, also given when half of the coupons are used. Be first to wear such a beautiful Wrist Watch and Birthstone Ring.

Sparkling Simulated
Birthstone RING
ALSO GIVEN

DEAN STUDIOS

Dept. X-94
211 W. 7th Street
DES MOINES, IOWA



Send This Coupon today to
**DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. X-94, 211 W. 7th St.
Des Moines, Iowa**

Name

Address

City

State..... Month of Birth.....

☐ Lady's Watch ☐ Man's Watch